

A  
A  
0  
0  
0  
1  
3  
9  
5  
8  
5  
4



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

The Cruise of the Half-Moon  
and

Other Poems

---

BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation

P<sup>R</sup>

To  
Mr & Mrs. Henry C. Graves  
with the sincere regards  
of the author.

Benj. F. Leggett

Westertown

N.Y.

Oct. 25<sup>th</sup> 1920.





Books by the Same Author

---

“A Tramp Through Switzerland”

“A Sheaf of Song”

“An Idyl of Lake George”

“The City of Doom”

“Out-Door Poems”

The Cruise of the Half-Moon  
and  
Other Poems

BY

BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT



The Biddle Press  
Philadelphia

The author hereby acknowledges the kindness of the editors of The Christian Endeavor World, The Youths' Companion, and St. Nicholas in permitting him to reprint certain poems in this collection.

Copyright, 1914  
By Benjamin F. Leggett



00/252/773

To My Brother  
(G. H. L.)

# CONTENTS

	Page
The Cruise of the Half Moon .....	7
My Minstrel .....	10
The Treasure of Kings .....	12
My Apple Trees .....	13
When Autumn Comes .....	15
Thomas Bailey Aldrich .....	17
Only a Pebble .....	18
Old Man Mist .....	19
The Border Land .....	20
My Bungalow .....	21
A Chester County Poet .....	23
In Sugar Time .....	25
Eastertide .....	27
Greetings—J. E. K. ....	28
In Dreams .....	30
Resurgam .....	31
The Only Name .....	32
Hail to the Flag .....	33
An Open Book .....	35
A Legend of the Thorn .....	37
Old and New.....	38
Sunrise on Mt. Blanc .....	39
In Ye Olden Time .....	40
In Autumn .....	46
A Christmas Ballad .....	47
The Winding of the Skein .....	49
My Parsee .....	51
A Fossil Dreamer .....	52
Buttercups .....	54
In Shakespeare's Room .....	55
Little Dorrit .....	59
Fiftieth Anniversary, Class of '62.....	60
On the Slope .....	62
April-Tide .....	63
Unto the Hills .....	64
Blowing Bubbles .....	65
For Memorial Day .....	67
The Tryst .....	69
April .....	70
October .....	71
Lips of Praise .....	72
Pussy Willow .....	73
Indian Summer .....	74
Friends' Lake .....	76
Across the Hills .....	78

Morning .....	80
October Days .....	81
The Waters of Crum .....	83
The Golden Wedding, L. and H. H. P. ....	85
At Gad's Hill .....	89
Our Prince Imperial .....	91
Keep Thy Heart .....	93
The Gospel of the Leaves .....	94
At Gettysburg .....	95
The Heart of the Pines .....	97
A Cheerful Singer .....	98
The Edge of the World .....	99
December Days .....	101
Thanksgiving .....	103
To the Poet of the Brandywine .....	105
At Eventide .....	107
The Mother Heart .....	109
White Birch Pond .....	111
When Lilacs Blow .....	113
In Mountain Land .....	114
The Quest of the Magi .....	115
The Wings of the Morning .....	117
The Legend of the Indian Well .....	118
The Comet .....	121
The Feast of Harvest .....	122
The Magic Touch .....	123
On the Trail .....	124
A Grave in Florence .....	125
April Days .....	126
Dandelions .....	128
By Their Fruits .....	129
Burns' Birthday .....	131
Unto Cæsar .....	132
An Appreciation .....	133
Memorial Poem .....	134
Sometime .....	137
Quatrains .....	139
At Cedarcroft .....	140
To G. H. ....	141
Old Warren .....	142
Keats .....	145
St. Andrews by the Sea .....	146
In Pemaquid .....	148
Lapland Town .....	150
The Wedding Day .....	152
Finis .....	153



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE CRUISE OF THE HALF MOON.

1609.

'Twas in the yellow autumn time,  
Three hundred years away,  
When first the *Half Moon* furled her sails  
In old Manhattan Bay.  
Brave *Hudson* was her admiral,  
A sailor bold and true,  
And twenty sturdy Hollanders  
Made up his daring crew!

From Eastern lands afar they came,  
Through storm or favoring breeze;  
They left the Old World for the New  
To find the Indian seas;  
Each burst of sunrise cheered them on—  
And sunset's beacon glow  
Led *Hudson* and his loyal men  
Three hundred years ago!

On either hand the wooded land  
Came down to meet the sea;  
While from the North the tides returned  
Brimful of mystery!  
Whence came the mighty waters wide  
With Titan force unspent,  
But through the cloven mountain wall,  
The rock-ribbed continent?

So vast the sweep of waters deep,  
So wide the waters rolled—  
This way *must* lie the world-wide sea  
And India's strand of gold!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

So Northward turned the *Half Moon's* prow  
To brave the haunted stream,  
The first white sail to break the hush  
Above the New World's dream!

And on by cliff and palisade  
And misty domes of blue  
The weird stream opened wide its gates  
To let the *Half Moon* through;  
While Autumn spread upon the hills  
Her riches manifold,  
As if she held in utter scorn  
The quest for other gold.

And while the *Half Moon* sailed and sailed,  
And woodland echoes called,  
The waters widened to the view—  
A blue bay mountain-walled.  
And from the headland's dizzy crags  
The Red Chiefs looked below  
On *Hudson* and his daring men,  
Three hundred years ago!

Then rugged hills on either hand  
Shut in the winding stream—  
A mirror of the shaggy wild  
That leaned above its dream.  
By day the white sails onward sped  
And strained the leaning spars;  
By night they idly hung between  
The silent gulfs of stars.

Beyond the guarded mountain gates  
The hills retreated far,  
And softly crept the stealthy tides  
Past cape and sandy bar.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

A hundred miles they sailed and sailed,  
And half a hundred more,  
Before the shallows barred their way  
Along the winding shore.

Down from the hills the river came,  
Fraught with strange mysteries,  
To seek the purple flood below  
And mingle with the seas.  
But not the sweep of waters deep!  
No more the sea-wide zone!  
The lure that led them on and on,  
In mockery had flown!

So ended here the eager cruise  
The *Half Moon* made of old;  
So failed the dream that led them far  
In quest of India's gold.  
Then Southward turned her prow again—  
Back through the wonderland,  
Brave *Hudson* and his sturdy crew  
To Holland's distant strand.

But still the mighty River runs  
In shade or sunny gleam—  
A royal highway, grander far  
Than Hendricks' golden dream.  
Roll on, O River of the hills!  
Long as thy waters flow  
Keep thou his fame who found thee fair  
Three hundred years ago!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### MY MINSTREL.

In sunny mood the summer long  
He cheered me with his happy song;  
In orchard, garden, shade or sun  
His quiet tune was never done;  
In noonday rest, 'mid shadows sweet,  
His music made repose complete;  
And with the evening shadows drawn  
Across the shut blooms of the lawn,  
His vibrant note would sound alway  
A vesper for the closing day;  
So hearty cheer rang through his song  
In summer when the days were long.

And when the year was growing old  
Amid the flying autumn gold,  
And even when the nights were chill,  
His quiet song was cheery still,  
Though softer grew his tender strain  
As if he felt the old year wane,  
And touched with sorrow scarce could play  
His viol in the old sweet way;  
But still he sang 'mid grasses sere  
The passing of the brown old year,  
Recalling in his lilt and rhyme  
The happy songs of summertime.

When frost without began to fall,  
I heard him from my crannied wall.  
Though chilly winds began to blow,  
He felt the wood-fire's cheerful glow,  
And often sang when day was spent  
The olden song of sweet content  
'Till under winter's sterner will,  
The viol and the song grew still:



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And now, my minstrel silent grown,  
I muse before my fire alone  
On all the wealth of music lost  
Amid the silence of the frost.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE TREASURE OF KINGS.

With incense, myrrh and gold  
Out of the kingdoms old—  
From lands remote and far,  
Led by the Angel Star,  
The Kings of Orient fame  
On swinging camels came,  
While star-beams sifted down  
Above the white-walled town,  
Where in a stall forlorn  
The lowly Christ was born!

Out of their treasures old  
They gave Him gifts of gold;—  
Gold,—the symbol and sign  
Of Majesty Divine:—  
Incense,—precious and sweet,  
Type of homage complete:—  
Myrrh,—a prophecy brief  
Of sorrow, acquainted with grief:—  
These are the gifts they told  
Out of their treasures old.

Now while the Christmas chimes  
Waken the olden times,  
What are the gifts we bring  
Unto our Lord, the King?—  
Royal faith for the gold  
Brought by the kings of old;  
Worship for incense sweet—  
Bowing low at His feet;  
And joy for myrrh this morn  
Because the Christ is born.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### MY APPLE TREES

My apple trees from winter's chill  
In springtime waken with a thrill,  
While vital currents start and run  
With every day of climbing sun,  
Till south-wind voices woo and call  
To leaf and blossom carnival.

My trees note how the seasons go  
From summer bloom to winter snow;  
Their youthful graces lithe and slim  
Have grown to burly trunk and limb,  
Through wondrous gift of magic rings  
The oft-repeated summer brings.

Within their shade the robin builds,  
The cat bird sings, the thrasher trills;  
The green leaves turn and whisper low  
Such secrets as the south winds blow,  
And lull to sleep and quiet rest  
The dreamers in the robin's nest.

I lean against the rugged grace  
My wide-spread arms may not embrace,  
And muse on all the summers flown,  
The forms of beauty made my own,  
While clouds of bloom and humming bees  
Make glad my spreading apple trees.

My faith is quickened when it sees  
The blossoms on the apple trees;  
The promise fair, the certain clew  
To fruitage since the world was new,  
Such hoarded sweets of sunshine warm  
To glad the heart of winter's storm.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The harvest that my orchard brings  
Is better than the wealth of kings;  
The dreams, the rest, the quiet joy  
And peace to heal the heart's annoy—  
Such riches on his head may be  
Who lives to plant an apple tree!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### WHEN AUTUMN COMES.

The leaves are turning red and brown;  
The fields lie bare and shorn;  
A presence comes in russet gown  
Across the fields of corn.

Where late the frolic Summer ran  
Mid bloom and songful thrills,  
With dreamy eyes and cheeks of tan  
Fair Autumn walks the hills.

Her step is light, her vision clear,  
O'er valley, slope and plain;  
The graces of the waning year  
Are in her royal train.

Her path is over wood and lea,  
Across the peaceful farms;  
And bush and vine and blade and tree  
Are fairer for her charms.

A smoky haze is over all;  
The goldenrods a-dream  
Are nodding by the orchard wall  
And by the meadow stream.

The graybeard vines by rock and rift  
Are foaming down the run,  
And milkweed floss and thistle drift  
Across the slopes of sun.

What magic tints of gold and red  
On changing leaves are drawn!  
While stubble-fields at morn are spread  
With cobweb lace and lawn.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The aster-blooms and bittersweet  
By spider films are crossed,  
And blighted mint and fern repeat  
The story of the frost.

Such color lights the woodland wide  
By valley, hill and stream;  
And over all the mountain side  
The gold and russet gleam.

Fair Autumn leans upon the hills,  
Wrapped in a dreamy haze,  
The while her heart with rapture thrills  
Through all the opal days.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

In that old sea-town where his boyhood passed,  
What gray dreams called him, beckoning with their hands;  
And lured him on and held him to the last,  
As tang of salt air holds the tided sands.

For him the sea put on her fairest charms,  
And rocked him oft upon her crested swells,  
Or held him fondly in her jeweled arms  
And crooned to him the music of her shells.

He heard the shoal-rocks beat the breakers white,  
The shriek of cloud-wrack scudding down the gale,  
The bale-fire's hiss across the blind, dumb night,  
The moan of winds above a vanished sail.

A thousand voices called him far and wide,  
The gray gulls softly syllabled his name,  
And storm and calm and winds and shifting tide  
So shaped his after dreams that he became

A master builder of the lofty rhyme,  
Art's perfect minstrel, pure as love and strong;  
Wise in word-craft of his day and time,  
A necromancer in the realm of song.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### ONLY A PEBBLE.

Here in my hand is a silent wonder,  
Fashioned and formed in the frozen world,  
Sculptured and smoothed the glacier under,  
And out of the grim ice-ages hurled.

Down from the froze earth's mystical morning,  
Furrowed and grooved in the primal gloom,  
That never flushed with the faintest warning  
Of a dawn to follow the night of doom.

Deep under the dead world, glacier-laden,  
Scourged by the frost-gnome's stinging rime,  
Smooth as the cheek of a fair young maiden  
All in the June of her life's glad prime.

Through the long, lone night of unstarred dreaming,  
In darkness felt while the aeons rolled,  
Dead to the morning's mystical gleaming,  
The violet's blue and the sunset's gold.

Out of the dread night's measureless slumber  
Awake to the glow of matchless morn,  
Runed by the ice-elves nameless in number,  
To a world of light and life new-born.

Long ere the kings of the nameless ages  
Crimsoned with slaughter the patient earth,  
And History traced her golden pages,  
This dateless messenger came to birth!

Now deaf to the crash of glacier thunder,  
And mocking our years with silent tongue,  
Behold in my hand a carven wonder  
From aeons old when the race was young!



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### OLD MAN MIST.

Unmarred by the years is Old Man Mist,  
Though old as the hills is he;  
He had his birth ere the sunshine kissed  
The rivers that seek the sea.  
His home is ever the airy tent  
That holds the treasures of dew,  
Whose walls are wide as the firmament  
And hung with the tenderest blue.

When roses droop and the daisies swoon  
For song of the summer rain,  
His presence comes as a gracious boon  
O'er valley and field and plain:  
Whenever the folds of his tent swing wide,  
At eve, or the gray of morn,  
The hills are glad, and the mountain side,  
The meadows and fields of corn.

Full softly he comes with wealth untold  
And scatters his treasure rare—  
Life for the blooms of crimson and gold,  
And jewels beyond compare:  
But hidden alway from noonday light,  
His wonderful deeds are done,  
Under the cloud and out of the sight  
Of the fervid glare of the sun.

We call him old by the years of time  
Since wrinkled he seems, in sooth,  
But strong is he in his manly prime,  
For he keeps the dreams of youth:—  
How light his step on the rocky stair  
As he climbs the mountain height,  
And leaps to his tent in the purple air  
And vanishes out of sight.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE BORDER LAND.

How near the land that neighbors this we stray!  
That misty realm no eye hath ever seen,  
Along whose border runs our winding way,  
With but a step between!

The friends we miss are not so far, I ween,  
Though they have passed beyond the utmost bound,  
Into the land mysterious and unseen,  
Beyond this shadow ground.

We feel their presence in that hidden sphere,  
Though out of sight, they all about us throng;  
To finer sense attuned we well might hear  
The air alive with song.

Just where the twilights softly meet and blend,  
We may not know by any hint, or sign,  
But we shall meet glad welcome at the end,  
When we have crossed the line.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### MY BUNGALOW.

Above the moiling world below,  
On slopes where airs of summer blow ;  
Above the lowland's placid heat,  
Where woodland branches cool and sweet  
Such shadow-tapestries let fall  
As never waved from palace wall ;  
With blue above and green below  
I build my mountain bungalow.

The primal rock my mossy floor,  
Two boulders frame my open door,  
And fragrant hemlock-bark outspread  
The thatch of rafters overhead ;  
And every unhewn post and part  
Is carved with Nature's rarest art.  
While kings who reign by right divine  
Might long for balsam couch like mine.

From lichen'd ledges upward hurled  
In early youth-time of the world,  
I look beyond the valley's rim  
To faint horizons far and dim,  
Across the gleaming lakes and rills  
That lie amid the folded hills,  
On range o'er range and peaks that stand  
As warders of the mountain land.

What peace and rest the days impart  
Here folded close to nature's heart,  
While deep we quaff, unvexed with strife,  
The wine of quiet—dew of life ;  
Grim care and fret we well may scorn  
To note the changing tints of morn,  
Or from the poet's pages look  
To read from nature's open book.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

What vital airs of life distil  
From wooded slope and pine-clad hill;  
The breath of mountain fern so sweet,  
Of wintergreens beneath my feet,  
Of princes' pine and birch enstoled  
In white amid the forest old,  
Is sweetest incense undefiled  
Through fretted nave of temple wild!

From Arden-wood the breezes blow  
Around my mountain bungalow;  
The rest of eve, the joy of morn,  
The glories of the woodland born;  
The pines' sweet music, soft and low,  
Blends with the runnel's ceaseless flow—  
With thrushes' note and wood-bird's trill,  
The screech-owl's cry and whip-poor-will.

My bungalow—my bungalow!  
What happy visions come and go!  
Through all the royal summer long  
What melodies of woodland song!  
And nightly glorious dreams return  
While constellations swing and burn,  
Till morn comes back with ruddy gleam  
To frame in fact my fairest dream.

O dwellers in the world below,  
Come up where mountain breezes blow;  
Forsake the bitter dregs of care  
For beakers of the vital air,  
And quiet sleep shall give you dreams  
To music of the flowing streams;  
The joy of living you shall know—  
His joy who builds a bungalow!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### A CHESTER COUNTY POET

(T. B. R., 1822-1872.)

Again the fields are lying brown and bare,  
The woodlands wear their royal crown of gold,  
And dreamy Autumn rests without a care  
Upon the hills our poet sang of old.

Since then how many golden years have flown?  
What summers trailed above the vale and hill?  
And yet upon the airy breezes blown  
The songs he sang are ringing sweetly still.

This singer felt the beat of nature's heart;  
He walked with her and called her by her name,  
And taught by her he wove with rarest art  
"The happy songs that never dreamed of fame."

Peace, love and hope and lowly ways of men,  
And cheerful firesides and familiar streams;  
And scenes of youth he kept within his ken  
And sang of them the while he dreamed his dreams.

In lands remote his footsteps wandered wide,  
Where art and beauty led his feet would roam;  
But true and loyal at the eventide  
He turned again to boyhood hills of home.

His muse was native to the soil he trod—  
The hills and vales and mountains vast and grand,  
And so he sang, with faith in love and God  
The sweet "New Pastoral" of his childhood's land.

The Juniata's softly murmured tune  
That moves to measures of the eldest time,  
And Susquehanna's placid forest rune  
He set to music in his stately rhyme.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The Brandywine that mirrors cloud and star  
And countless forms of beauty manifold,  
And Allegheny's lifted peaks afar  
That take the sunrise and the sunset gold.

These sang he well amid the Chester hills,  
With happy homes and wooded slopes between,  
The mellow laughter of the mountain rills,  
The golden harvests and "The Closing Scene."

And more and more the loving tribute due,  
We render him whom well we loved before,  
For manly measures ringing ever true  
And sweetest song that lingers evermore.

Love gives to-day the meed withheld so long,  
But bronze and marble crumble and decay;  
Who learns his art from nature's living song  
Will live for aye when these have passed away!

O minstrel, born upon these lasting hills,  
Sweet be thy rest where dust and ashes lie,  
Thy song each heart with joy and gladness fills,  
And in our hearts thy fame will never die.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### IN SUGAR-TIME.

With the climbing of the sun  
Vital forces wake and run;  
Through the woodland and the hills  
How the heart of Nature thrills!  
Sunward slopes beneath the snow  
Feel the tidal currents flow,  
While the leafless forest lands  
Know the touch of airy hands,  
And the maples' amber blood  
Climbs through trunk and branch and bud.

Higher swings the sun, and, lo!  
Tiny footprints track the snow;  
Woodland life begins to stir;  
Squirrels chatter; wings awhir;  
Shod with silence, timid feet  
Track the path with purpose fleet;  
In the hemlocks caw and wing  
Bring a sure foretaste of spring,  
And the sugar-time has come  
When the partridge beats his drum.

When the chill at evening weaves  
Icy pendants at the eaves,  
And the morning's cheerful gleam  
Makes the frostwork but a dream,  
There's a tumult 'neath the snow  
Makes the maples overflow.  
Then the sturdy monarchs feel  
Tap of mallet, touch of steel,  
And their treasured wealth complete  
Makes the woodman's labor sweet.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

So the crystal currents run  
At the magic touch of sun;  
Gathered then by sledded vans  
To the camp-fire's steaming pans,  
Where the red flame works its spell  
By a kind of miracle,  
While the sweet flood, to and fro,  
Bubbles onward, sure and slow,  
'Till it turns to nectar true,  
Tinct with amber through and through.

Further stress of fire reveals  
Other wealth the maple yields;  
Honey-syrups sweet and rare  
Other transmutations share,  
'Till the feathery plume outspun  
Shows the magic purpose won,  
And, the final spell o'er-past,  
Lo! the crystal gems at last,—  
Creamy treasures, amber, brown,  
Jewels of the maple's crown.



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### EASTERTIDE.

Down along the meadow rill,  
South winds a-blowing,  
Waking pulses throb and thrill,  
Tiny things growing.

Magic of the misty air  
Tender green bringing,  
Pussy-willows, silken, fair,  
Grassy blades springing.

Out of Earth the snowdrops blow  
With upward yearning,  
Lifting petals all aglow,  
Sunward still turning.

From the dust a vital breath  
The dead Earth scorning,  
Life and beauty born of death  
On Easter morning.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### GREETINGS.

To J. E. K.

November woods are brown and bare,  
November skies are gray,  
And snowflakes drifting down the air  
Bring round thy natal day.

Now God be praised for rest and peace,  
For bounty, grace and cheer,  
For hope of Heaven and love's increase  
That crown another year.

Four-score and seven thy years have run  
Since glow of morn began;—  
A toiler thou till set of sun  
To bless thy fellowman.

How broad the landscape's whitened gleam—  
How clear the vision wide,  
How vast the still horizons seem  
At life's November-tide!

What hosts along the rugged way  
Will weave for thee a crown—  
Upon thy snowy head to-day  
Call kindly blessings down!

O watcher well of youthful weal,  
Now clearer eyes can see,  
What only ripper years reveal,  
The debt we owe to thee.

So God be thanked for golden days  
And golden years gone by,

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

For guidance into wisdom's ways  
When dreams of youth ran high.—

They pass,—the dreams of glowing morn,  
And friends we cherished then,  
With one, thy kinsman, nobly born,—  
The Galahad of men.

And now across the waning year  
Thy birthday comes again;  
May each one bring a world of cheer  
While life and love remain.

And may His love divine impart  
Rich grace for all thy days,  
His gladness linger in thy heart  
And on thy lips His praise.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### IN DREAMS.

In dreams I stood from earth aside  
And from the chambered sky,  
Through starry spaces vast and wide  
I saw the world drift by!

One half-sphere lay in rosy light,—  
In tints of morning drawn,  
The other shadowed by the night,  
But ringed with flush of dawn.

A grim, weird blackness trailed afar  
Behind the flying sphere—  
A dragon scaled with many a star,—  
A shadowy shape of fear!

Strange whispers bade my spirit hark  
To undertones that came—  
The sob of sorrow through the dark,  
The joy of morning flame.

A mingled surge without surcease—  
The revel and the song,  
The tender strains of love and peace,  
The curse of hate and wrong.

And on the swinging world adrift  
Went sweeping down to doom;—  
I felt at once the sunny lift  
And shuddered in the gloom!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### RESURGAM.

A little brown seed fell into the earth  
When Autumn was flying her gold,  
So tiny and frail—so barren of worth,  
And Winter came down with his cold.

A slender green blade came up from the earth  
When the Spring's sun mellowed the clod,  
And the miracle hues of bloom had birth  
And stood in the glory of God.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE ONLY NAME.

The chiefest name that earth has heard,  
To which its Kingdoms yet shall bow,—  
The Wonderful—the Living Word,  
With print of thorn-crown on His brow!

Our seamless robe of righteousness,  
The Hope of all the ages He;  
The Man complete in perfectness—  
The Life divine of Galilee!

Heed thou, O Earth, the truth He taught,  
Of perfectness the bond and sign,  
Which lacking all our lives are naught,  
Since Love fulfills the law divine.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### HAIL TO THE FLAG.

Hail to the flag to-day unfurled!  
Hail to the flag that tops the world!  
This is the flag that Peary's might  
Set in the frozen Polar night!

Flag of the land and flag of the sea  
We lift our eyes and hearts to thee;  
Beautiful flag of the banded bars,  
And snowy white of the stainless stars;  
We give thy folds to the breezy air  
And watch its billowy beauty there.  
Thy colors are of the driven snow,  
Thy crimson the flush of sunset glow,  
Thy starry field is a field of blue  
Such as the stars of heaven shine through,  
And thy ample folds on the air unfurled  
Our Union's hope and joy of the world!

More than a hundred years have rolled  
Since thy birth-dawn in the days of old;  
Dark were the times when our honored sires  
Kept watch and word by their lone campfires,  
Or reeled and fled in a broken line  
From the crimson field of the Brandywine!  
At Valley Forge in the long ago,  
Thy starry folds were a sun-burst glow  
Above the smoke of the campfires curled  
O'er the men that held the fate of the world!

On fields untold thou hast led the van  
Of those who strove for the right of man;  
At Saratoga thy legions won,  
At Yorktown thundered the final gun,  
And victory perched on each banner-fold  
When the strife was done in the days of old!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Flag of our Union!—nor treason's frown  
Could haul thy blazon of glory down;  
And the honored dead who lie at rest  
On hill and valley and mountain crest  
But yielded their lives and bore their scars  
For the love of thee, O Banner of Stars!

O Flag of our Union! wave ever and aye  
As over our loyal heads to-day:—  
A banner of peace, not of battle and scars  
Is our emblem of light—the Banner of Stars:—  
A pillar and cloud our guide to be  
In the land of the brave and home of the free!

Peace, Honor and Justice, and Love and Law,  
The virtues that sound thy symbol draw;  
A beacon of beauty from age to age  
To lighten our history's crimson page,  
To hearten the weak against the strong,  
To win in the battle with hate and wrong,  
To stifle the passion of greed and gold,  
And the lust of treason manifold,  
And weave for our land the seamless dress  
Of Charity, Peace and Righteousness!

Flag of the land and flag of the sea  
We lift our eyes and our hopes to thee!  
Flag from the North to the Mexic strand,  
Flag of the plain and the mountain land,  
Flag of the brave who nameless lie  
Under the blue of the bending sky,  
Waiting the Maytime sun and showers  
To cover their rest with tender flowers,—  
O beautiful flag! be thou nevermore furled  
Till Freedom and Justice shall conquer the world!



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### AN OPEN BOOK.

Nature is from eldest date  
God's own page illuminate;  
Wisdom speaks in word and line  
Of the missal half divine;  
Tiny starwort wet with dew,  
Coiling fern and speedwell blue,  
Tender violets that cling  
To the sandal-prints of Spring,—  
Fibrous roots beneath the mold  
Weaving tangled threads of gold,  
Bud and leaf and grasses bent  
In the hush of sacrament,  
Speak a vital truth full well  
Taught in nature's miracle.

Willows greening by the rill,  
Alders by the waters still,  
Shy arbutus hidden low,  
Quickened pulses 'neath the snow,  
Liverworts and miskodeeds,  
Swelling buds and bursting seeds,  
Folded leaf and spiring tree  
Hold a hidden mystery:  
All that wisest sages know  
Cannot make the grasses grow,  
Neither spin the lily's dress  
With a thread of beauty less,  
Or reveal how sun and vine  
Turn the water into wine!

Down from star to vernal sod  
Nature utters thoughts of God!  
Tiny seeds hid in the mold  
Such a wonder will unfold;

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Flying shuttles of the rain  
And the sun are never vain,  
And they weave in mystic loom  
All the thousand tints of bloom,  
Changeless while the years are told  
As the dandelions' gold.  
Nature's volume is divine  
In its beauty and design  
And the lilies truth unfold  
As in Galilee of old!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### A LEGEND OF THE THORN.

The thorn tree blushed in rosy white  
Before the world was old,  
And hid its cruel spines from sight  
'Mid bloom and fruited gold.

But since they took its naked sprays,  
Black hate and cruel scorn,  
And wove them in a tangled maze  
To make His crown of thorn;—

When miracles of bloom return  
To set the woods aflame,  
His petals into crimson burn  
In penitence and shame!

And when the Autumn's golden gleam  
Lights orchard, field and wood,  
The thorns red apples strangely seem  
Thick drops of falling blood!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### OLD AND NEW.

Tears on the face of the wan old year,  
The light in his dim eyes failing,  
The last lone watch of the night so near,  
And winds in the woodlands wailing.

The gray-robed earth and the sky are met,  
Held fast in a mist of sorrow,  
While the year lies low in sad regret,  
But a new hope dawns to-morrow.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### SUNRISE ON MONT BLANC.

High on the pass 'mid craggy peaks sublime,  
Whose sacred lights were taper-stars of time,  
We vigil kept through night of Alpine cold  
To hail the splendor lips have never told,  
When through the long dawn-corridors should spring  
The royal pageant of a mountain king.

Night waned apace, and when the watch was done,  
And morn had quenched her tapers one by one,  
What speechless splendor with the vision came!  
What matchless hues of million colored flame  
Lit up his court of empire vast and wide  
While Mont Blanc stood transfigured, glorified!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### IN YE OLDEN TIME.

Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Concord  
Monthly Meeting, Concordville, Pa., August 16, 1911.

How grandly sweep the centuries  
On downy pinions by!  
Nor leave a furrow on the sea,  
Or shadow on the sky—  
As softly as the crimson light  
The grail of azure fills  
Or silently as morning drifts  
Above the dreaming hills.

So pass amid the silences  
The sandalled feet of Time,  
Above the smallest dust of earth,  
Beyond the spheres sublime:—  
The years mar not the mountain's crown—  
The lasting hills repose,  
Though all the wilderness rejoice  
And blossom as the rose.

O, vast New World that held the fate  
Of peoples yet unknown—  
What changes time in thee hath wrought  
While centuries have flown!  
What sage or seer dare prophesy  
Whereto the seed would grow,  
They planted in the Jamestown wild  
Three hundred years ago?

Years passed and to the Northern strand  
That keeps their home and fame,  
The Mayflower braved the winter storm—  
The sturdy Pilgrims came;—

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And later still another band  
Of fearless, godly men,  
Who built a State and kept for aye  
The name of William Penn!

But two-score years had come and gone  
Since he of Drayton town,  
Went forth to preach the newer life  
On English dale and down—  
Illustrious Fox! whose burning words  
Smote error's gilded mail,  
While Bunyan dreamed his Pilgrim dream  
In grim old Bedford jail:

So near was Fox to those brave days  
When blind old Milton's strain  
Rehearsed the epic of our race  
In Eden's loss and gain;—  
When Cromwell prayed, and Hampden strove,  
And faithless kings were spurned,  
And Right was more than Royalty,  
While fires of freedom burned,—

What wonder that his soul was stirred  
With zeal of Heaven born,  
To wake the world to purer life—  
To preach, rebuke and warn;—  
To mend the crooked ways of earth  
And make them straight again  
Beneath the gracious Light Divine—  
The heritage of men.—

—How changed the tangled forest wide,  
By swift red hunters trod;  
Since first the fathers builded here  
A place to worship God!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And here within an humble fold—  
A log house, low and rude,  
They waited for the Guiding Light—  
The spirit's quietude.

They tamed the trackless wilderness,  
They wrought with pious care,  
The first to build in Penn's broad land  
The peaceful fanes of prayer;  
They planted in this New World soil,  
Ere smoke of battle curled,  
A vine of Peace amid the wild  
To grow and bless the world:

And 'neath its sheltering shade there grew  
The fireside and the school,  
And well they kept their humble faith  
And lived the Golden Rule;  
Love hedged them 'round with quietness  
And bade all striving cease,  
Contentment was their heritage—  
They loved the way of Peace.—

—Two hundred years! Two hundred years:  
And half of fifty fled;  
Since first they builded here and walled  
Yon city of the dead—  
With willing hearts and willing hands  
They wrought at eve and morn,  
And builded better than they knew  
For ages yet unborn!

To-day we look across the land,  
Lapped in the summer glow,  
But not as they who lived and loved  
In dead years long ago!



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The same sun shone above their heads,  
The stars and sunbeams smiled,  
But nature held primeval court  
For them amid the wild!

Where now the fruitful farms are spread  
Beneath the summer sheen  
The swarthy leagues of wilderness  
Waved their unbounded green;  
But here and there a clearing smiled  
And sunshine filtered through,  
And smoke of homes and wigwams curled  
And blended with the blue.

Through passing years the clearings grew,  
The wildness passed away,  
New hearthfires lent a brighter glow  
To cheer the toiler's way;  
Hope sprang anew and Fortune smiled  
Above the favored land,  
And these old walls uprose and stood  
As here to-day they stand!

What sturdy men of might were they  
Who reared these walls of old—  
The tamers of the wilderness,  
Those men of manly mold!  
Could we but call the honor roll  
Of that long-vanished day  
The Brintons and the Mendenhalls  
Would surely answer—"aye!"

The Pierces, Palmers, Scotts and Ways,  
Beneath the open sky;  
The Trimbles, Gilpins, Taylors, Rings  
And Newlins would reply;

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The Marshalls, Pennells, Hannums, Pyles  
Would listen to the call,  
And hosts of others yet unnamed  
Would answer, one and all.—

—The generations pass and go  
With life's swift ebbing tide,  
But still some trace they leave for aye,  
Their deeds and works abide:—  
God's acre holds their sacred dust  
Unmarked by date or name,  
For lichened slab or leaning stone  
Are vain as earthly fame.—

O ancient House upon the hills!  
What histories untold  
Are thine since first thy walls were tinged  
With morning's ruddy gold!  
Thou heard'st the cry of Liberty—  
The challenge Freedom hurled—  
The Bell that rang the olden chime  
That wakened half the world!

And when September gathered gold  
Amid the Autumn shine,  
Thou heard'st strange thunders in the air  
From hills of Brandywine!  
And from the smoking field of strife,  
Led on by trumpet calls,  
The men of battle rested here  
Within these ancient walls!

And thou wast here in that dark hour—  
The night so long ago,  
When Freedom kept her watch and ward  
On blood-stained fields of snow;—

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

When campfires waned and Hope almost  
Her starry pinions furl'd,  
While brave men kept at Valley Forge  
The fate of this New World!

—What aching hearts have gathered here  
And brought their dead to thee,  
And laid their sorrows at His feet  
Who wept at Bethany!—  
What bridal trains have hither come,  
Led on by love unfeigned,—  
What happy twains made one for aye,  
Whose moons have never waned!—

—Long live thy old-time builded walls,  
With all their antique charms,—  
Old Concord Meeting on the hills,  
Amid the peaceful farms!  
The Mother fond whom hearts revere  
Since from thy fold they came—  
The loyal sons of vanished years,  
Who share thy name and fame!

Stand ever thus, O ancient fane,  
In storm, or cloud, or shine,  
To hasten on the brighter Dawn—  
The sway of Love Divine!  
When Peace shall reign, good will abide,  
And war's last flag be furl'd—  
One God, one Faith, one Brotherhood,  
One Hope of all the world!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### IN AUTUMN.

Now the sassafras is golden,  
And the maples crimson dyed,  
While the blushing of the beeches  
Sets aglow the mountain-side.

Now the goldenrods have faded  
To a tint of sober gray,  
Where their royal banners flaunted  
By the dusty travelled way.

Open chestnut burrs are falling  
On the grasses growing sere,  
And the hollow winds are calling  
Through the chambers of the year

In the lowlands smoke of asters,  
Hillside pastures brown and bare,  
Ghostly thistledown adrift  
Through the hazy noonday air.

So the woodlands drop their glory—  
Royal vesture-robe and crown—  
And the red leaves lisp a story  
In the still air falling down.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

Ring out, O bells of Christmas time,  
With gladsome chime and cheer,  
While true hearts beat with deeper joy,  
This day of all the year!

O well may all the nations sing  
Down all the ages through,  
For gladness born at Bethlehem  
That made our old world new.

'Twas in the winter of the year,  
And earth was strangely wild,  
When in the white-walled town of old  
Was born the Holy Child.

And night upon the ancient hills  
Spread darkness o'er the earth,  
When Angels sang the glory song  
That heralded His birth.

Good-will! good-will! and peace on earth!  
Stirred all the midnight dim,  
And listening shepherds heard with awe  
The song of seraphim!

They rose and went to Bethlehem:  
And wise men from afar  
Came with their treasures from the east,  
Led by the song and star!

They found Him in the manger-bed  
Within the lowly stall;  
They gave Him gifts who came to bring  
The gift of life to all!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And so He came—the wonderful!  
When flags of war were furled,  
The Prince of Peace, the joy of earth,  
The hope of all the world!

So let the gladsome bells of earth  
In all the steeples ring,  
To keep the birthday of the Child—  
The world's Redeemer-King!

Ring out, O bells, and ring again!  
It takes the world so long  
To learn the sweet "Good-will to Men"—  
The Bethlehem glory-song!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE WINDING OF THE SKEIN.

It was a Christian sisterhood  
That braved the winter cold,  
To do the kindly deeds of love  
That Dorcas did of old:—  
In sooth a goodly company,  
Where social mirth and cheer  
Made light the work of willing hands  
Amid the dawning year.

Matron and maid were busy then:—  
A more than royal band;  
And evening brought a manly throng  
To lend a helping hand:  
The old-time hearth-fire's cheerful glow  
Wove shadows on the wall,  
Of one who held a tangled skein  
And one who wound a ball.

Of all the eager workers there,  
None busier were—'tis plain,  
Than they who strove so patiently  
In winding of the skein!  
Some magic set the tangles free  
To nimble fingers fleet:—  
More than the skein the maiden wound  
To make her ball complete!

So in the golden years ago  
The double dream began—  
The love that held two hearts as one,  
The maiden and the man:—  
'Twas half a hundred years ago:—  
What years of love and gain:  
Since first the gentle maid began  
The winding of the skein.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Long since she dropped the brittle thread  
Of life for slumbers sweet,  
White roses pillowing her head,  
And violets at her feet:—  
The seasons come,—the seasons go,  
On beauty's idle quest,  
But half their light and music fail  
Above her dreamless rest.

To-night I watch old shadows pass—  
A dim and silent train,  
A maiden with a growing ball,  
A young man with a skein:—  
So pass the dreams of other days,  
While years of love recall  
The holding of the tangled skein,  
The winding of the ball.



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### MY PARSEE.

Within the hearth-fire's ruddy glow,  
That heeds not storm nor drifting snow,  
While winds of Winter wail and moan  
Across the homeless hills alone,  
She sits and muses on her mat  
In silence deep, my Persian cat;  
Dreaming of lands from whence she came—  
A Parsee at the shrine of flame.

The winds increase, the flames aspire,  
And brighter glows the Winter fire,  
But speechless still as any sphinx,  
Upon her mat she sits and blinks  
And dreams of other days and times—  
Of Eastern lands and Eastern climes;  
And far beyond the drifting snow  
She sees the Persian roses blow.

For in her breast some spirit fine  
Of ancient Parsee has his shrine,  
And in the ember's ruddy glow  
He sees the lights of long ago,  
And in the prisoned sap that sings  
Hears echoes of forgotten things;  
And so the deep contented purr  
Is song of firelight worshiper.

The oak logs burn and fall apart  
To show the warm red sunbeam's heart;  
The embers turn to ashes gray—  
The ghost of summers passed away;  
The storm goes by, the stars appear,  
But still the hearth-glow lends its cheer,  
While we sit dreaming just the same—  
Two Parsees at the shrine of flame!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### A FOSSIL DREAMER.

From the æons old and gray,  
From the ages passed away,  
In his flinty garments curled  
Since the youth-time of the world,  
On his royal couch of ease,  
Rippled by the lapping seas,  
With the spell of ancient night  
On his dream—this trilobite!

From the old silurian morn  
Ere the race of man was born;  
From the plastic mud and slime  
Of that olden, misty time—  
Lone survival of the wars,  
Of the vandal Ichthyosaurs  
In the monster-peopled sea,  
Comes this dreamer unto me.

Not a pulse-beat seems to thrill  
Through his slumber calm and still,  
Nor of life the ages through  
Will he give the faintest clew;  
Vainly may we seek to trace  
Knowledge of his time and race,  
Note of joy or trouble rife  
On the rugged coast of life,  
When he sported at his ease  
In the vast untided seas,  
Till a blissful dreamer deep,  
He was throned in endless sleep.

Lo! the ages that have sped  
O'er his limestone-pillowed head!  
Now the saurians greedy maw

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Or the pterodactyl's claw  
Have no fears for him at last—  
Phantoms of the misty past,  
For the æons that have flown  
Have embalmed his dream in stone!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### BUTTERCUPS.

Only a gleam of buttercups swaying,  
Over the clover-heads tossed and rolled,  
And back the feet through the past are straying  
Through old-time fields of the cloth of gold.

Once again in the buttercup meadows  
The swift, wee feet through the grasses run,  
And children brown as the swinging shadows  
Gather the gold of the rain and sun.

The bees hum low in the red-checked clover,  
The butterflies flit, the shadows play,  
And oriole whistles over and over  
The joy of the beautiful world to-day.

Fair, tall buttercups, thick in the grasses,  
Swinging their beakers of rarest gold,  
Spilling their wealth as the soft wind passes—  
Sweet as the secrets of love they hold

And under the orchard branches swinging  
The children are testing, side by side,  
The legend old—glad voices ringing,  
While the cheeks of tan are glorified!—

And out of this old-time vision tender,  
Gleaming so clear from the summers old,  
The life to-day wears a newer splendor  
Caught from the field of the cloth of gold.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### IN SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM.

'Twas in the April of the year  
A Stratford child was born,  
And earth has held an added cheer  
Since that far April morn.

Now, while the voice of April calls,  
'Mid song and whir of wing,  
I muse within these royal walls—  
The birthroom of a King!

A humble room in sooth it seems,  
Low ceiling, dingy wall,  
Yet here began the wondrous dreams  
That hold the world in thrall!

Here, in these dusky shadows dim,  
The mother kissed the boy,  
Whose coming beaded to the brim  
The cup of human joy.

The hearthfire flickered faint and low,  
Without a hint of flame,  
The embers kept a hidden glow  
The April day he came.

His youth was such as others know,  
His childhood not o'er-wrought,  
He roamed and dreamed the young years through  
And learned as Nature taught.

His mind was quick to understand  
The voices of the air,  
And Nature led him by the hand  
And showed him treasures rare.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

He roamed along the Avon stream,  
Or leaned above its brim,  
And evermore its quiet dream  
Was sweetest charm to him.

He came to earth so long ago:—  
Three hundred years they say;  
Long since he went as all must go,  
But still he lives to-day!

The years can never make him old:  
The echoes of his strains—  
The songs he sang,—the tales he told,  
They live while love remains.

He read so well the human heart,  
The world cannot forget—  
The rare perfection of his art  
In song is living yet.

Had he not come to Stratford town,  
Beside the Avon stream;  
Had he not worn the poet's crown  
And dreamed the poet's dream,—

How poor the world of song had been,  
How void the realm of Art,  
What voice had made the whole world kin?—  
Who read the human heart?

He found in everything some good,—  
In homely ill some grace;  
He oped the gates of Arden wood  
To all the weary race.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The tongues that whisper in the trees  
In leafy shadows dim,—  
The murmur of the laden bees  
Were full of song to him.

Sermons in stones his spirit heard,  
Whose wisdom he could tell,  
And Nature's every sound and word  
His being pondered well.

Books in the running brook he found  
And read their limpid lore,—  
To music of the runnel's sound  
He conned their lessons o'er.

Such grace was in his word and deed,  
Such wisdom in his plan,  
That all the world in him may read  
The love of fellow-man.

What matchless beings wise and good  
Stepped forth at his command!  
What royal types of womanhood  
He lead through all the land!

Here by his humble ingle-side  
I muse and dream anew,  
While maid and matron hither glide  
And pass in dim review:—

Chaste Beatrice, the unbeguiled,  
Grave Portia, learned and wise;  
Miranda, Nature's charming child,  
And Celia in disguise;

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Sweet Perdita, the shepherdess,  
Hermione, the tried,  
Cordelia, scorned for loving less,  
And young Lorenzo's bride;

And one goes by with sad regrets—  
Her father's joy and pride,  
With rosemary, rue, and violets  
That withered when he died;—

Helena, robed in patience meet,  
That baseness could not fret,  
And Desdemona, chaste and sweet,  
And Romeo's Juliet;—

Viola, Hero, Imogen,  
With Isabelle the good,  
And Rosalind of Arden green—  
Sweet rose of womanhood;

They pass:—the wains go up and down,  
And call me from my dream  
At twilight in old Stratford town  
Beside the Avon stream.



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### LITTLE DORRIT.

Little Dorrit's place is sure  
With the saints of literature:—  
She will surely have a place  
With the saints of love and grace.

Daughter of the Marshalsea,  
Schooled in want and poverty,  
Who can picture half the grace  
In her angel heart and face?

All her life a service true,  
What a motley throng she knew,  
In the lanes of want and care,  
In the prison, everywhere.

Little Dorrit, fair to see,  
All the world is loving thee;  
Change of station never wrought  
In thee any change of thought.

Child of nature, pure of heart,  
What to thee could wealth impart?  
Not the charm of folly's song—  
Thine the loving heart and strong.

Faithful maiden, true and tried,  
Worthy lover's worthy bride;  
Few the lives that we behold  
Match thy heart's untainted gold.

So we hold, whate'er betide,  
Thou art worthy to abide,  
With the saints of love and grace  
In thy well-deserved place.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY, CLASS OF '62.

Troy University, Troy, N. Y.

O classmates of the long ago:  
How fair that golden year  
Whose summer set our hearts aglow  
With hope and lofty cheer:  
How far our sundered paths have run;  
What visions fled away;  
Since with the rising of the sun  
We hailed Commencement Day!

Strong in the strength of faith and hope,  
With will to dare and do,  
We took the pathway up the slope—  
The Class of Sixty-two;  
And now how fair the landscape shows  
While through our smiles and tears,  
The sweet south-wind of memory blows  
Across our fifty years!

But half a hundred years have flown,  
Of mingled griefs and joys,  
And now we stand—a remnant lone—  
A band of graybeard boys:  
What years of bitter war have sped  
Beneath the frown of Mars;  
What grief and sorrow for the dead  
Who kept our bannered stars!

And two have won immortal fame  
Amid the crimson strife;—  
In wasting Battle's blood and flame  
They gave the bloom of life:

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And others for the Prince of Peace  
Have laid their armor down,  
Where toil and striving have surcease  
For Life's immortal crown!

And they, the royal hearted men—  
The men of brawn and brain,  
Who led our eager footsteps then,  
But two alone remain;  
God rest the souls of them that sleep  
Wherever they may lie,  
And in His arms the living keep  
And crown them by and by:

O Brothers of the Old Thirteen,  
Our feet have wandered wide,  
And fifty years have come between  
The morn and eventide:—  
Our days are ebbing with the sands,  
Though love be none the less;  
Across the years we stretch our hands  
And hail by wireless;

And still we climb the rugged way—  
The toilers that remain,  
Wayworn and weary, day by day,  
The upper heights to gain;—  
The peaks are many we have passed,—  
The landscape white and strange,  
But we shall reach the goal at last  
The other side the Range.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### ON THE SLOPE.

Here on thy mantle, rich and many-hued,  
O fair Earth Mother, let me lie and dream,  
While hill and valley, wood and drowsy stream  
Are held in autumn's blissful quietude ;  
No sound is here to mar with accent rude  
The perfect peace, unless the leaf agleam  
Soft falling in the misty air, might seem  
To jar the silence with its interlude.  
An aster-throng the lowland pasture fills,  
And goldenrods along the highway swoon ;  
An Indian haze is over all the hills,  
A dreamful hush beneath the silent noon ;  
The thistle-moth on reeling wing goes by  
And perfect quiet holds the chambered sky.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### APRIL-TIDE.

Where the brown earth lifeless lay  
Lo! the stone is rolled away;  
And through all her pulses wide  
Throbs the joy of April-tide.  
Life from death returns again  
Over valley, hill and plain;  
Field and meadow smile anew  
Under gracious skies of blue.

Greening oaks and grasses feel  
Mighty forces through them steal;  
Root and fibre thrill below  
With a life the sunbeams know;  
Bud and blossom are a sign  
Of the energies divine  
Flushing vale and woodland wide  
With the rising April-tide.

Nature thus repeats anew,  
With an accent always true,  
Sign and symbol often told  
In the ages dim and old:  
Lo! the weary watch is done  
In the dawning of the sun,  
While the glad earth far and wide  
Thrills with life at April-tide.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### UNTO THE HILLS.

Look up to the mountain-land,  
Imperial peaks that stand  
Wrinkled and gray with time,  
In strength of the hills sublime:—  
The molten billows that rolled  
And cooled in the ages old,  
In the dim primeval morn  
Ere the race of man was born.

Uplifted in misty air  
What garments of light they wear!  
On shadowless crowns and cones  
The purple of royal thrones;  
Patience, endurance and song  
They bear through the ages long,  
In peace and repose they stand  
The peaks of the mountain-land.

And down through the gorges old  
What melodies sung and told;  
The babble of quiet streams  
That murmur through woodland dreams,  
Or brawl of rivers and rills—  
The songs God set in the hills  
To give to His praise a tongue  
When the gray old world was young.

Lift up thine eyes to the hills  
Where the dew of life distils;  
When the dawn, or sunset shine,  
Enkindles with blazon fine  
On peaks of purple or snow,  
The altars of God aglow,  
Unto Him lift up thy song  
Unto whom the hills belong.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### BLOWING BUBBLES.

Golden hair, with eyes of blue,  
Thrice hath April greeted you;  
Many Aprils yet remain  
Waiting for you down the lane;  
Would you see them rise and pass,  
Looking in a magic glass—  
See the airy castles gleam  
Through an atmosphere of dream?  
Let me take your dimpled hand  
For a walk through wonder-land;  
Many years have passed by me,  
Would you boyhood's pictures see?  
We may note them passing by  
Blowing bubbles—you and I.

Here's the long-stemmed pipe of clay,  
But we'll smoke another way;  
Here is water clear and clean,  
Snowy soap and glycerine;  
Mix and stir to foamy white,  
Till the surface winks with light,  
Dip the pipe-bowl gently, so,  
Then put to the lips and blow;  
Lo, the filmy crystal clear  
Broadens to a magic sphere!

Swift they follow, one by one,  
Other bubbles in the sun,  
Floating, drifting, low and high,  
Picturing the earth and sky,  
Holding in their airy grace  
Dimples of a sunny face—  
Fairy mirrors where appears  
Beauty of the triple years;

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Then they pass beyond the door,  
Over sunshine on the floor,  
Swing and vanish out of sight  
Like a dream at morning light.

Now again the bubbles blown  
Show how curly-head has grown  
Into boyhood's wondrous land,  
Where the dreamy castles stand;  
Woods and waters all in tune,  
Maytime passing on to June;  
On the eager footsteps run  
Through the tawny fields of sun,  
Over valley, over hill,  
Into lands remote and still,  
Till the vista broadens far  
Underneath the evening star:—  
Unto you the future years,  
Unto me the past appears;  
O what pictures! how they fly!  
Blowing bubbles—you and I.



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

Lest we forget how valor won  
On fields of fame and glory,  
The deeds they wrought till war was done,  
Of camp and march the story,  
From May to May, as years increase,  
We fan affection's embers,  
To show the brave who sleep in peace  
How loyal love remembers.

While maiden Summer's sweet surprise  
Her matchless glory renders,  
Behold the nation's sacrifice!  
The graves of her defenders!  
They rest for aye; secure their fame  
Behind the silent portal,  
While Honor guards each deed and name,  
Forevermore immortal.

We meet to-day beneath the blue,  
Our reverent love revealing,  
Not now to kindle strife anew,  
But pour the wine of healing:  
In lands of palm and lands of pine,  
All in the Maytime weather,  
The flowers of love and peace we twine  
To bloom for aye together.

On countless crimson fields of strife  
They knew no fear or pallor,  
They staked the whole of lusty life  
In deeds of deathless valor;  
And side by side in dreamless rest,  
Immortal in their dying,  
In glade and glen, on mountain crest  
Our hero-dead are lying!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

One land, one Flag, they won for aye,  
Their all for country giving;  
We honor them with flowers to-day  
For what they gave the living;  
For foot-falls of familiar feet  
How many hearts are yearning,  
That wait with loyal love to greet  
The nevermore returning!

And here above this loyal band  
May Treason's grim endeavor  
Disturb no more our peaceful land,  
With war's dread thunders never;  
Henceforth may peace eternal be,  
Nor sundering passions sever,  
Till He shall reign from sea to sea  
Whose kingdom is forever!

So long the angry notes of life  
Have kept the passions flaming,  
So oft we stir the fires of strife,  
Our age of progress shaming:  
Too long Bellona's crimson car  
Has rolled its direful thunder,  
And bugles crying near and far  
Have made us weep and wonder.

Through endless years from age to age  
The world has dreamed of glory,  
And made of history's blotted page  
A sad and crimson story:  
Peace! Peace! to-day 'mid flowers and tears  
This prayer affection renders,  
That nevermore the strife of years  
May call for brave defenders.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE TRYST.

All woodsy and wild as a red chief's daughter,  
Crooning the songs of the forest free,  
And dimpled with laughter the foaming water  
Tripped down to her tryst with the sea.

Tender the greeting where white breakers thunder  
While her lover bent low to her charms,  
Then folded her close, a vision of wonder,  
And rocked her to sleep in his arms.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

APRIL.

Unheard she passes and unseen,  
    With magic wand of dream,  
And lo, there hangs a mist of green  
    Above the willow stream.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### OCTOBER.

What magic tints the Autumn shuttle weaves  
On woodland, hill-slope, meadow, field and plain,  
What passion whispers in her falling leaves—  
October's joy—her sorrow and her pain.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### LIPS OF PRAISE.

Lift up thine eyes to the hills of God,  
Thou favored of Heaven long;  
Put on thy garment of praise, O Land,  
And open thy lips in song.

Peace holds the land in her gracious sway;  
The Harvest her treasure brings  
And Plenty has spread her bounty far  
And wide as her outstretched wings.

For herds on a thousand rolling hills,  
And valleys of corn and wine,  
For luscious fruits on the laden boughs  
Grown sweet in the Autumn shine.

Since never the seed-time fails the earth,  
Nor vital force of the clod,  
The grasses spring and the meadows bloom  
By the gracious hand of God.

For sun and rain and the shrines of home,  
And love and the words that cheer,  
For health and strength and the joy of life,  
And all the wealth of the year.

Aye, open thy lips in a praiseful strain  
While the winds of Autumn call,  
And roll thy song over mountain and plain,  
For Heaven is over all.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### PUSSY-WILLOW.

South winds searched the valleys over,  
Higher climbed the sun,  
Mossy pollards leaned and listened  
By the meadow run;  
Soft and low the water gurgled  
Down the shallow stream,  
When the Pussy-Willow awakened  
From her quiet dream.

Pussy-Willow, satin-vestured,  
Clad in raiment fine,  
Princess in her robes of beauty  
Of a royal line;  
First to hear the raindrops patter  
After winter's thrall,  
First to hear the south wind whisper,  
And the bluebird's call.

Later came the shy arbutus  
Under leafy mold;  
Wind-flowers in the meadow nodded,  
Silken ferns unrolled;  
Alders by the waters leaning  
Sifted dust below,  
Bloodroots from a heart of crimson  
Lifted petaled snow.

Spice-bush in the woodland fringes  
Showed its budded gold,  
Violets and snowdrops awakened,  
As in Aprils old:  
Hosts and hosts of blooms came trooping  
Out of dreamland far,  
All because sweet Pussy-Willow  
Left the gates ajar!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### INDIAN SUMMER.

Hill and valley, mount and stream,  
In an atmosphere of dream:  
On the sunny slopes around,  
Brown nuts falling on the ground;  
Squirrels chatter on the wall,  
Crows from airy treetops call:  
In the orchard, row on row,  
Golden apples hanging low;  
Poison climbers burn and flame,  
As in penitence and shame;  
Withered bracken by the path,  
Gypsy growth of aftermath—  
Weed and thistle, nettles, tare,  
Sturdy outlaws everywhere.

Druid oaks and beeches blush  
In a sacrificial hush;  
Sassafras and sweet-gum seem  
Musing on some olden dream;  
Wintergreen and bittersweet  
Lay their corals at your feet;  
Scarlet cardinals by the run  
Meditate on duty done;  
Fox-grape clusters, frosted, fine,  
Swing their beakers brimmed with wine;  
Leaves of crimson, russet, brown,  
On the woodpaths sifting down;  
Crickets trilling low and long  
Measures of a minor song.

Amber air and smoky haze  
Over all the waning days;  
Fainter echoes call and pass,  
Thinner shadows on the grass;



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Milkweed floss and thistle-down  
Sailing over fields of brown;  
Swelling buds of hazel hold  
Winter hoards of crumpled gold;  
Leaves transfigured, blotched and sere—  
Embers of the passing year;  
Foaming boneset, dreaming, nods  
By the faded goldenrods;—  
By their signs and symbols know  
Summer's golden afterglow.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### FRIENDS' LAKE.

(Chestertown, N. Y.)

Woodland Beauty, wondrous fair,  
With thy deeps of sky and air;  
Bird and cloud and storm and star  
Look upon thee from afar;  
Wind and rain with airy grace  
Dimple o'er thy smiling face;  
Trailing shadows of the cloud,  
Mists that fold thee like a shroud,  
Daybreak glories—tints of dawn,  
Evening's dusky curtains drawn,  
Only lend thee added charm,  
Nor thy wondrous graces harm,  
While the vale thy presence fills—  
Sleeping Beauty of the hills.

Here the shades of woodland throng,  
Pines alive with Ariel's song,  
Birches in their vestments stoled,  
White as Vestal maids of old,  
Hemlocks spiring with the years,  
Balsams dropping crystal tears,  
Willows waving to and fro  
O'er some Indian grave below;  
Beech and maple bending low  
Make the autumn woodland glow,  
Sturdy oaks with spreading arms  
Wave above thy matchless charms,  
While along thy placid dream  
The tented camps of pleasure gleam.

As thy beauty charms to-day,  
So in ages far away  
When the red man wandered o'er

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Crystal wave and winding shore;—  
When the red deer came to drink  
At the limpid water's brink  
And the smoke of wigwams curled  
O'er the quiet forest world:—  
Moose and deer and fox have found  
Peace in wooded slopes around;  
Wolf and panther—faces wild,  
Thou hast looked upon and smiled:—  
These have vanished, suns have set,  
But thy charms are living yet.

Still thy smile my vision fills,  
Woodland Beauty of the hills;—  
Seasons come and seasons go,  
Summer's bloom and winter's snow;—  
Childhood's morning turns to noon,  
Youthful visions fade full soon;  
Age goes limping down the slope  
Where the thicker shadows grope,  
While the star-lit curtains drawn  
Shuts from sight the coming dawn;  
Thou art ever young and fair,  
Never wrinkled with a care,  
For in spite of ages rolled,  
Beauty never groweth old.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### ACROSS THE HILLS.

The earth is turning from the sun,  
November days are here,  
And yet she keeps a cheery heart  
Amid the waning year.

For well November may be glad,  
Though robed in brown and gray,  
Since in her Indian summer grace  
She brings this amber day.

And in her autumn mood she seems  
To dream of summer long,  
And never once she passes by  
But with thanks-giving song.

For all the old Novembers past  
Since first your life began  
Have added each another year  
To fill the measured span.

The gracious years:—what have they brought  
Between the matin chime—  
The freshness of the morning dew,  
And light of evening-time?

The early glow, so full of hope  
When shade and tint and line  
Were all transfigured in the light  
That made the earth divine.

The joy of life's glad summer noon,  
In surf of bloom unrolled;  
The dream of Art, the thrill of song,  
And love's uncounted gold.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The garnered friendships of the past,  
A noble, grand array,—  
The loyal friends who tell their love  
In written words to-day.

The vision from the sunset hills  
Across the vales below,  
The kindling hues of autumn flame,  
The golden after-glow.

The gladness of the measured years  
Whose bounties still increase,  
The light across the misty range,  
Of quietude and peace.

And while the seasons pass and wane  
Still kindly voices call,  
Love keeps the heart forever young,  
And God is over all!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### MORNING.

The dewdrops hang on the spider's laces,  
The grasses drip with a chrism old,  
While the blush lawn roses lift their faces,  
Glad in the beauty of gray and gold.

Fair Ganymedes in the early morning,  
With vine-hung beakers of airy hue,  
Lift to the ruby lips of the morning  
The cool sweet wine of the crystal dew.

Daisies lean in a white foam over  
Meadows asleep in tangle of grass,  
And sweets unblown and the breath of clover  
Meet and mingle and mingle and pass.

Honey-bees over the fair blooms winging,  
The butterflies flit with wings agleam,  
And bird-notes full of the joy of singing  
Waken and follow the morning's dream.

And never the pageant stays or falters,  
But over the earth—across the sky,  
While incense lifts from a thousand altars  
The glory of morning passes by.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### OCTOBER DAYS.

TO G. & E. H.

When rich October, far and wide,  
In crimson garments came,  
And spread on hill and mountain-side  
Her royal tints of flame.

Above the land she whispered low  
Of fruit and ripened sheaf;  
Of life transfigured in the glow  
And falling of the leaf.

We heard what tender voices told—  
The whispers of the wind,  
And yet to symbols ages old  
Our love was wholly blind.

Though idly by the garden wall  
Swung low the sparrow's nest,  
We never thought the leaves might fall  
Above our dreamer's rest.

So late he roamed the woodland ways  
Beneath October's smile,  
With sunshine of the autumn days  
So full of peace the while.

And now the leafless branches moan  
In measures low and long,  
But love is in the under-tone,  
And faith is in the song.

O troubled hearts, be glad and sing!  
Nor keep one sad regret;

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

So safe beneath the folded wing,  
And love cannot forget.

While autumn comes in glad array  
Her golden stores to bring,  
October's crown shall be for aye  
A sweet remembering.



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE WATERS OF CRUM.

From the wrinkles of the hills,  
From the tribute of the rills,  
From the caverns underground,  
Bubbling up with elfin sound,  
With the gladness and the grace  
Of a sunny, laughing face;—  
So the limpid waters come,  
Winding down the shores of Crum,  
From the hills through misty air,  
Calling to the Delaware.

O'er the mirror of the stream  
Trailing branches wave and dream,  
Jewel-weed with many gems  
Lights the fringing meadow hems;  
Ferns and grasses bend to view  
Beauty in the inverted blue—  
Colors wrought in Nature's loom,  
Foaming boneset all in bloom,  
While the dewy season nods  
With its wealth of golden-rods.

Down the limpid water foams,  
Laughing past the valley homes;  
On through the meadows sweet with hay,  
Taking restful holiday  
With an idler's own sweet will,  
Wandering through the shadows still,  
Or to playtime giving truce  
While it turns the mills of use—  
Beauty bending at the wheel,  
Grinding out the farmer's meal.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Winding east and winding west  
Round the shy bird's lonely nest,  
In the marshes gray and brown  
Under grasses bending down;—  
Winding north and winding south,  
In the flood and in the drouth,  
'Neath the willows trailing low,  
Where the water-lilies grow;—  
Such the crooked ways they take  
Winding like the water-snake.

Here a pool of quiet joy  
Lures the happy sunbrown boy;  
Hither idle anglers stray  
For a pensive holiday;  
Rustic lovers often dream  
To the music of the stream,  
While the waters seaward run  
In the shadow and the sun,  
And their going seems to say  
Life is mingled work and play,  
And the years that flit and flee  
Lead to the eternal sea.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

TO L. AND H. H. P.

To-day we meet in gladness here  
    Since every heart reveres  
The faith and hope and joy that rounds  
    These fifty golden years:  
Love set the kindly lights aglow  
    At manhood's morning chime,  
And down the slope they linger yet  
    To light the evening time.

Long since that May-time morning dawned  
    That merged two dreams in one,  
When rose the full-orbed honey-moon  
    To face the Eden-sun;  
So long ago!—yet fair it gleams  
    Through doubts and hopes and fears.  
While memory looks with misty eyes  
    Across the fifty years.

The years go by—the winter snow  
    And summers pass away,  
But Bride and Groom of long ago  
    Are with us here to-day;  
We come to greet this wedded pair  
    And give them words of cheer,  
Lest they forget 'mid toil and care,  
    That marriage morn and year!

Above the beauty of the May  
    The blue of heaven bent near,  
And all the windings of the way  
    Led through the vales of cheer;

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Though all was fair as morning time  
Amid the dew impearled—  
Though light divine lay on their path,  
A shadow gloomed the world.

War held the land in bitter thrall  
Amid the May-time glow,  
When first the marriage vows were told,  
Just fifty years ago!  
The dead-march wailed across the land  
In troubled notes of pain,—  
The drums beat low—the bugles cried—  
Above the noble slain.

So passed the battle years of strife  
'Mid blood and wasting flame,  
That Liberty might have new birth  
Above the Nation's shame:—  
And in those fifty golden years,  
Since love and life began,  
What dawning light of hope appears  
To bless and hearten man.

Fair learning thrives—and Science thrills  
The viewless realms of air  
And 'neath the everlasting hills  
The wireless pulses fare:—  
And always, through the years of time,  
Through strife, and greed, and sin,  
Peace hath her victories more sublime  
Than armed legions win!

O haste the day when everywhere—  
On every sea and shore,  
Sweet peace and charity shall reign,  
The Eden lost, restore;

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Then shall the triumph be complete  
Of patriot, statesman, sage,  
And daily life transfigured greet  
The new earth's Golden Age!

O happy these who cherish still  
The early dreams new born,—  
Who in the thrush's vesper hymn  
Can hear the larks of morn:—  
Who know that days and added years  
Make not life's little span  
But deeds that bless humanity,  
And sweet good-will to man.

So fleetly pass the wedded years—  
So brief the seasons stay,  
Now kith and kin forgather here  
To keep this honored day:—  
And children's children hither come  
With joy unmixed with tears  
To crown you with the golden crown  
Of fifty wedded years!

One cometh not, but yet unseen  
Her presence lingers near,  
With power to lend an added charm  
To love's own tribute dear:—  
Unseen indeed,—but well we know,  
By faith we understand,  
The fair young life unfinished here  
Blooms in the Better Land!

Take heart and hope, O friends, to-day,  
While waits the vesper chime,  
And trust the Guiding Light to be  
The light of evening time;

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And though the westering slope be long  
And rugged be the way,  
Always the night reveals the stars  
We never see by day.

A thousand years are but a gleam  
Of yesterday's untold;  
And fifty years are but a dream  
Of mercies manifold;  
And three-score years and ten are fleet  
As shadows on the lawn,  
And all of life's uncertain years,  
A waiting for the Dawn!

And so we take His words of cheer  
Whose fame the wide earth fills—  
The singer of the thrush's song  
Upon New England's hills:—  
“Dear hearts are here—dear hearts are there  
Alike, below—above,—  
Our friends are now in either world  
And Love is sure of Love.”

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### AT GAD'S HILL.

A hundred years have come and gone,  
And still the years are going,  
And over all his Kentish hills  
The summer winds are blowing.

A hundred years ago began  
His life's eventful story,  
And since the world has won a charm  
And gained an added glory.

'Twas here he lived and here he wrought,  
The sunshine round him streaming,  
And here were born to rosy life  
The children of his dreaming.

And here to-day they throng us round,  
Those dear undying faces,  
Of innocence and truth and love  
And childhood's winning graces.

While phantoms pass along the wall—  
The lights and shadows playing,  
We wonder much with Little Paul  
What all the waves are saying.

And from the lips of loving cheer  
We hear the grateful praising,—  
"God bless us every one"—the prayer  
That Tiny Tim is raising.

Now Little Nell goes tripping by,  
Her grandsire with her roaming,  
As through the fields they used to pass  
At early dawn, or gloaming.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

A lovely vision—Youth and Age—  
A picture to remember,  
Sweet dimpled April's waving hair  
And old and gray December:

They come and go, a nameless band  
Whose mission faileth never,  
They linger in unfading youth  
All held in fame forever!

And on across the dusky lawn  
We pass the swinging portal,  
And leave the great Magician's throng,  
In loving hearts immortal.



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### OUR PRINCE IMPERIAL.

We have a Curly Head at home,  
What more could one desire?  
Since he can build a Babel-tower  
And crown it with a spire;  
He wakens first at morning-time,  
Before the sunrise gleam,  
For who would rouse the drowsy world  
If he should lie and dream?

And all day long from morn till night,  
With tumble, race and leap,  
The only quiet in the house  
Is when he's fast asleep!  
This chap is not so very old,  
Three summers—less or more,  
And yet to hear him you might think  
He was full half a score!

He rides his trot-horse off to town  
And canters home again,  
And then with locomotive scream  
He rushes off to Spain;  
His railways run across the floor  
With rows of chairs for cars—  
One system runs up to the moon,  
Another out to Mars!

We hear the sound of fife and horn,  
The drummer's measured beat,  
The mimic march of armèd men  
In tramp of little feet;  
And oft we long for peace to come—  
So sick of war's alarms:  
The forward march, the double-quick,  
And soldiers grounding arms!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

We prize so much the quietness,  
The silence calm and deep,  
That broods above the tired world  
When he is fast asleep!  
'Tis sweet, indeed, to rest awhile—  
To hear no rumbling train,  
To listen to the beating heart  
And throbbing of the brain.

But then in such a blissful state  
We would not wish to stay;—  
We'd miss him like the sun at noon  
If he should go away!  
For when in drowsy afternoons  
He sails the dreamland burn,  
The time is long, we wait for him,  
To welcome his return!

Love him?—this young philosopher?  
This sum of household joys?—  
This little man epitome?  
This Prince of all the boys?—  
I guess you'd love him if you could,  
And treasure him and keep;  
But then—I think you'd love him best  
When very fast asleep!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### KEEP THY HEART.

Keep thy heart, so spake of old  
Wisdom's King in words of gold:  
Though his crown has turned to dust—  
Scepter eaten of the rust,  
Passed the glory of his reign,  
Still these golden words remain.

Keep thy heart: from it are flung  
Words that drop from lip and tongue;  
Love and hate are kindled there,  
Words of cursing, words of prayer;  
Out of it come peace and strife  
And the issues of our life.

Keep thy heart, and keep it well;  
Only God its depths can tell,—  
What dark crimes may sleep therein—  
What the measure of its sin.  
He can read each secret part,  
For He looketh on the heart.

Keep the heart from touch of guile,  
While the bending angels smile;  
Keep it with a purpose strong,  
Life shall be a happy song;  
Love divine thy strength shall be  
And His Kingdom dwell with thee.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE GOSPEL OF THE LEAVES.

What glory gilds the woodland's crown  
Above the faded bloom,  
The russet, crimson, gold and brown  
In autumn's cunning loom.

The leaves that lisped in summer air  
By magic tints are crossed,  
And flying shuttles everywhere  
By airy hands are tossed.

And every leaf with beauty rife  
Hath wisdom to impart;  
What lessons for our human life  
Are in the weaver's art!

Our fleeting days are few and brief,  
As autumn tints they pass,  
Or as the beauty of the leaf,  
Or shadows on the grass.

How like the sibyl-leaves of old,  
As once the record ran,  
For here is writ in red and gold  
The destiny of man.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### AT GETTYSBURG.

This is the field of the sacred dead ;  
This is the field where Valor led ;  
Here they wrestled, brave foe with foe,  
Half of a hundred years ago !

To-day, on valley and slope and hill,  
The voice of battle is hushed and still,  
And tenderly on the earth's green breast  
The brave are pillowed in dreamless rest.

Afar in the vision of slope and wold  
Look how the tide of the battle rolled ;  
From Round Top cone to the green Ridge spread  
Where sleep in peace the hamlet's dead.

From the hidden clefts of Devil's Den,  
When Death reached out for the lives of men,  
Over wood and field, while shell and ball  
Shattered and shivered the shielding wall.

By Orchard and Wheatfield, creek and run,  
By Culp's Hill, white in the noonday sun,  
Till fierce and wild in the battery's breath,  
The last red charge in the Valley of Death !

Then night and mist and cloud came down  
Over the wasted field and town,  
While the pitying rain from upturned faces  
Washed away War's crimson traces.

Through cloud and mist as a fleeing ghost,  
The wild retreat of the shattered host,  
While storm and murk from the patient stars  
Veiled the vision of death and scars.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

But the days to come the ages through  
Will keep their memory—Gray and Blue;  
And here on the field of the fateful years  
We honor the brave with love and tears.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE HEART OF THE PINES.

Deep hid in the old pine forest,  
All floored with needles and moss,  
And dappled with sun and shadow—  
Woven of branches a-toss,

Hearing the wonderful measures  
Of winds in the pines at play  
As soft as the surf, or stormy,  
To dream while the days delay.

Here in the cool of the shadows  
And winning from care release,  
To feel in the pines' low singing  
The turning of tides of peace.

Sweet rest in the joy of morning,  
As under the stars agleam,  
With lullabies up in the branches  
To lure to the shores of dream.

More royally couched for slumber  
Than chambers where kings repose;  
On tassels of fragrance only  
The evergreen forest knows.

And under the cool deep shadows  
To hear as the soul inclines  
The storm-song up on the mountains,  
Or sweet low passion of pines.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

A CHEERFUL SINGER.

His is singing we should heed  
When our cares annoy—  
His the music that we need,  
Just a song of joy.

Some might think him over-plain  
In his style of dress,—  
Something of the sober strain  
In his loveliness.

Fairer beauties we may see  
All about us throng,  
Dress is only vanity  
Weighed against his song.

Hear him on the cherry-tree,  
From the topmost spray,  
With a heart brim full of glee,  
Pouring out his lay.

All the best notes up and down,  
Through the summer long,  
He has woven in his crown  
Of exultant song.

Sweetest singer round the home—  
Melody on wings,  
All the common birds are dumb  
When the thrasher sings.



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.

There is the road that climbs the hill  
From the valley green below;—  
I shut my eyes and see it still,  
Away in the long ago!

It winds through autumn uplands brown,  
Through shadows and changing light,  
'Till where the blue of sky bends down  
It vanishes out of sight;

We climbed it once in childhood days—  
My brother and Rab—we three,  
Through all its winding, shady ways,  
To see where its end might be.

A farmer we met—'twas growing late  
And near to the close of day;  
He said, "the road stops at my gate,—  
"There is no more road this way!"

We wondered much;—so near the night;  
We shook with a sudden fear;—  
Beyond the hills a weird, strange light;  
The edge of the world so near!

What if the wind should blow, we said,  
And we should all be whirled  
Across the fields, alive or dead,  
Over the edge of the world!

Homeward we fled with fearful speed—  
Well-nigh with the whir of wings,  
Far from the dizzy brink indeed,  
O'er-hanging the edge of things!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

In after years we still would shun  
The road that climbs from the plain,  
Nor dared draw near in shade, or sun,  
The edge of the world again!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### DECEMBER DAYS.

Again the glad December days  
Return with wonted cheer  
To ring the happy Christmas bells  
And round another year.

And though the woods are brown and bare,  
The fir-trees as of old,  
The holly keeps its living green,  
The hazel keeps its gold.

And while the winds of winter blow  
Above our northern clime,  
I muse upon the fading year—  
My own December-time.

For while the winter sun hangs low  
And all the skies are clear;  
The yellow light above the hills  
Falls on my latest year.

How swift the old Decembers pass,  
How still their pageants go,  
In rusty garb of faded brown,  
Or white wool of the snow.

And in the latest and the last  
The years revive again—  
The grand Decembers of the past—  
Three-score and six and ten!

Between the first December morn  
And this low winter sun,  
What measured joys of life have passed—  
What thronging years have run;

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The dew of life's young morning-time  
Beneath the rainbow's gold,  
The tender years of bud and bloom  
In April days of old;

The visions and the dreams of youth,  
As in a magic glass,  
The eager feet that scarce could wait  
The slow-paced years to pass;

The strivings of strong manhood's prime  
The goal of life to claim,  
The tumult of the bugle's call,  
The lure of idle fame.

The fruitful autumn's golden gleam,  
The drift of faded bloom,  
The falling of the yellow leaf,  
But give December room!

So while life's winter days go by,  
December bides with me,  
I give my blessing to the past  
And wait the years to be.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THANKSGIVING.

O drooping heart, lift up thy head—  
Thine eyes to hills afar,  
Give thanks, O soul of man, to Him  
From whom all bounties are;  
The teeming earth fails not, nor is  
The sower's treasure lost;  
But cometh back a thousand fold,  
A world-wide Pentecost;—  
Put off the sack-cloth of thy woe—  
Thy sorrowful array;  
Put on thy robes of praise and sing  
This glad Thanksgiving Day!

His hand of plenty, open wide,  
Pours forth the golden grain,  
And on the evil and the good  
The bounty of His rain;  
While Peace broods o'er the land to-day,  
And war's red flag is furled,  
The Harvest Mother bares her breast  
To feed the hungry world:  
So let each lowly heart be glad,  
The lips with praise alway  
Repeat the joy of all the land  
This grand Thanksgiving Day!

Light up the fires of home anew  
And let the ingle glow  
With something of the olden cheer  
It knew so long ago;  
For love brings back the wandering feet  
However far they roam,  
And loyal hearts return to greet  
The childhood hearth and home:

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Be glad, O homes of youth again,  
Where sacred love holds sway,  
And let your gladness swell the joy  
Of this Thanksgiving Day.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### TO THE POET OF THE BRANDYWINE.

(J. R. H.)

To Thee, O Friend, this measured line,  
Rare Poet of the Brandywine!  
To-day I roam as in a dream  
Along the battle-haunted stream,  
Where grasses wave and lilies grow  
And glass them in the pool below:  
Through shadows cool the waters creep,  
Or in the sunshine lie asleep—  
Now crooning in a ripple strong  
The measures of a woodland song,  
And then at hush and rest they be  
As listening to the sounding sea;  
While every note that birds repeat  
Blends with the music rare and sweet  
Of that melodious song of thine,  
O Poet of the Brandywine!

And still in Fancy's misty dream  
I float adown the winding stream  
In dusk, or shine, through arches wide  
Inverted in the limpid tide,  
Past bank and bar and shallow trail  
While cloud-fleets drift above and sail,  
Or, deeply mirrored, tack and go  
Through blue unsounded seas below;  
What joy amid the dewy morn  
To skirt the bladed fields of corn;  
To hear the thrushes in the wheat  
And childhood's laughter ringing sweet,  
The while thy pictures pass and gleam  
And glide adown the winding stream,  
Till Fancy makes these visions mine  
O Singer of the Brandywine!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Thou singest beauty half divine,  
O minstrel of the Brandywine!  
What charm for eager ear and eye  
Are in thy measures passing by!  
I hear with thee as waters flow  
The echoes of the long ago:  
The catbird's note, the robin's trill,  
The thrasher singing by the mill,  
Keep time with rhythm of thy lay  
Through all the royal summer day:  
In dusky green of quiet dells,  
Where lilies swing their airy bells,  
And where the reeds and rushes throng  
Are tender melodies of song,  
And Fame will keep these strains of thine,  
O Poet of the Brandywine!



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### AT EVENTIDE.

Some three and forty years ago;—  
    Ah! life is but a span!  
It's three and forty years since  
    The wedded life began!

Swift the years have sped afar  
    Above the travelled way,  
All the raptures of their flight  
    A dream of yesterday!

Just a gleam for summer-time—  
    A flash of golden wing,  
Then the snowflakes in the air,  
    And after that the spring.

Toil and care have been our lot  
    All the way together,  
Yet the years have brought us cheer—  
    Lots of sunny weather.

Time has wrought her changes well,  
    As still as roses grow;  
Turned the auburn tress to gray,  
    The gray to winter's snow.

Eye and ear have dulled forsooth—  
    The years will work their will  
Still a gleam illumines the way—  
    The love-light lingers still.

In its glow we wander on  
    Toward the setting sun—  
It's three and forty years since  
    The wedded life begun!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

What matter when the end comes,  
For Love will keep its song;  
Life is but a little space,  
Eternity is long!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE MOTHER HEART.

When wondering shepherds came of old  
To dreaming Bethlehem town,  
With that new song the angels told,  
While Syrian stars looked down,—  
They found Him as the angels said;  
And kings and sages came  
To worship at His manger-bed  
And spread abroad His fame.

But Mary's sweet thoughts—wandered far—  
The dream of love a part,  
And what they told of song and star  
She pondered in her heart.—  
What dreams were hers across the night,  
Through Edom's desert wild,  
When in the dim, uncertain light  
They bore the sleeping Child?

When singing birds would flit and toss,  
With airy wings outspread,  
And make the semblance of a cross  
Above His shining head;—  
Or when at weary shut of day  
She looked into His eyes,  
Did ever shadow gloom her way  
Of some great sacrifice?

And later, when a tender youth  
He questioned of the Law,  
Till Rabbi's saw in Him the truth  
That bade them stand in awe;—  
How mused she of stilled Galilee?  
Of Tabor's form Divine?  
The joy of Nain and Bethany?  
And Cana's wedding wine?

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

What might His wondrous mission be—  
The burden of His years?—  
The anguish of Gethsemane—  
The cruel Roman spears?—  
What song, or story, can impart,  
Or golden dream disclose  
What Mary pondered in her heart?—  
Perchance some mother knows!

For mothers dream, and who can tell  
What precious thoughts apart  
They hold and hide so deep and well  
Within the mother-heart?—  
O mothers, dream your dreams of bliss,  
But know—the fairest born,  
Took on His lips the Juda's kiss  
And wore a crown of thorn!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### WHITE-BIRCH POND.

Here are the birches by the pond  
Hills and the blue of sky beyond.

Mirror of crystal, lily-crowned,  
Walled by the thronging birches round.

Wood-nymphs fair in the summer glow  
Leaning above the wave below ;—

Graces sweet in the airy sheen,  
Robed in kirtles of tender green ;

Leafy mantle and snowy stole  
Type of the pure and stainless soul.

Woodland shade and a haunt of dreams,  
Voice of birds and the voice of streams.

Cool the breath that the water brings,  
Foaming down from the upland springs.

Sweet the shadows the birches toss  
Over the floor of woven moss.

Across the pond the swallows skim  
And lilies rock where wild ducks swim.

The bittern wades along the shore,  
Kingfisher fishes the waters o'er,

And shallow cove and sunny bay  
Echo his triumph day by day.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Here as of old I muse and dream  
By woodland pond and mountain stream,

And leave on sandy margins sweet  
The wet prints of unsandalled feet,

While overhead the branches cool  
Mirror their graces in the pool;—

Queenly birches and woodland pond,  
Hills and the blue of sky beyond.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### WHEN LILACS BLOW.

O! the world is full of gladness set to sweetest notes of song,  
And the melody is ringing in a chorus loud and long,  
While the orchard's million blossoms are full of droning bees,  
And the shadows come to linger underneath the greening  
trees,—

While the spendthrift dandelions set the landscape all aglow;  
For the smile of Nature broadens when the lilacs blow.

O! the beauty of the valley with the waving of the wheat,  
And the violets that follow the Maytime's happy feet,—  
The Kingcups in the meadows and the jewelled grassy  
spears,

When the dimpled face of morning through a veil of mist  
appears,

While the apple-blooms are falling like mimic flakes of snow,  
And the thrasher sings the sweetest when the lilacs blow.

Now the robin in the maple is building in the boughs,  
And the catbird in the cherrytree is singing to his spouse;  
The dog-wood in the fringes of the wooded land reveals,  
The glimpses of a sheeted ghost that through the forest steals,  
And Nature holds her open court for everything that grows,  
For her heart is full of rapture when the lilac blows.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### IN MOUNTAIN LAND.

Afar from my rock veranda,  
Built when the world was new,  
I look on the primal ranges,  
Piercing the ages through;  
On peaks that shoulder the azure,  
Wrinkled with years of time,  
And folded in royal purple  
Wrapped in repose sublime.

High over the lowly valleys,  
Folded in shadowy dreams,  
And greened by the water-courses—  
Lulled by the voice of streams;  
Uplifted in unspanned spaces,  
Scourged by the gales, and fanned,  
Pillars of earth unshaken—  
Thrones of the mountain's land.

Misty and dim in the twilight,  
Fresh with the dew of old,  
They wait the lifting of shadows  
To gleam in garb of gold;  
Ranges o'er ranges uplifting  
Royal and grave and grand,  
Under the ceiling of azure  
The worshipful mountains stand.

Dreaming at noon in the silence,  
Wearing their glazier scars,  
Or kneeling at night in the shadows,  
Comforted by the stars;—  
Out of the joy of morning,  
Or measures of storm untold,  
Down from the choir-peaks shaken  
The chorus of God is rolled.



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE QUEST OF THE MAGI.

Out of the East the Magi came  
In quest of the long foretold;  
Three kings were they of royal fame  
In the wondrous days of old;  
Afar they came from the morning-tide,  
Through valley and meadow sweet,  
And sandy wastes of the desert wide  
Were tracked by their camels' feet.

Through drowsy heats of the burning noon,  
Through lonely and desolate lands,  
Where the wayside palm-trees droop and swoon,  
In the hot and burning sands;  
In star-lit camp of the journey long  
The dreams of their sleep out-ran,  
The slow-paced march of the motley throng  
In the trail of the caravan.

Weary and slow they traveled far,  
Out of the land of the morn,  
Led on alway by the guiding star  
In quest of the King new-born,  
Till over the Syrian hills at night  
Where the dreaming shepherds lay,  
The windows of heaven aglow with light  
Made clear the gloom of the way.

Now through the streets of the white-walled town  
They sought Him on royal throne,  
While the star-light sifted softly down  
In the court of a stable lone!  
Through city and street—the desert post—  
Full weary and slow they filed,  
Till the King they sought was found at last  
In Bethlehem's wondrous Child.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

They brought Him gifts of the costliest things—  
Sweet myrrh and many a gem—  
The homage of hearts and treasure of kings  
To the manger of Bethlehem;  
Then back they turned to the morning land,  
And with joyful feet they trod,  
The waste of the desert's burning sand  
With faith in the Christ of God.

This was the quest of the sages old;  
Now the Christmas bells renew  
The sweetest story that time has told  
The sweep of the ages through;  
So carol, O heart, with chime of bells,  
And open thy lips and sing  
While the joy of earth its rapture tells  
To the world's Redeemer-King.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE WINGS OF THE MORNING.

O beautiful wings of the morning,  
    In silence above unfurled,  
How they banish the night  
With the plumes of their light  
    And girdle with joy the world ;

Over valleys and plains and mountains,  
    Over oceans and lakes and streams,  
From the trouble of tears  
And the sorrow of years,  
    They waken the earth from dreams.

Over winds of the tropics blowing,  
    Where wonderful blooms unfold,  
Where sands of desert glow,  
Or sleeps eternal snow,  
    The beautiful wings of gold.

And always the sheen of their glory  
    Somewhere is gilding the sky,  
Wherever speech has flown,  
Or love divine is known,  
    The wings of the morning fly.

And silently going and going,  
    They follow the dawn's red trail ;  
Not till the earth grows cold  
In countless aeons old  
    Will the wings of morning fail.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN WELL.

This is the story the settlers tell—  
The legend old of the Indian Well.—

'Twas in the moon of the harvest old,  
In the time of Autumn's yellow gold:  
A red chief came from the Northern wild  
With a maiden fair, his dark-eyed child,  
And here in the forest's lonely dell  
His wigwam built by the shaded well.

Crazed was the beautiful Raven-Hair,  
Lonely and sad in her dark despair  
For loss of her chief—the Ashen-Bow,  
Who went on the war-path moons ago  
And never a whisper of his fate  
Had left her lonely and desolate.  
This is why in the Autumn-glow  
They hither came in the long ago;

Wearily passed to the sachem's child  
The long sad days in her native wild;  
The wigwam built for the loving twain  
Still waited his coming all in vain.  
Summer was passing and Autumn-tide  
Was set for the feast of Brave and Bride;  
The red leaves turned to golden flame—  
No tidings back from the war-path came,  
Yet love failed not though her brain gave way  
And wildly she wandered day by day,  
By hill and vale, o'er mount and stream,  
Lured and led by her fever-dream,  
Many and many a weary mile  
To find the light of her lover's smile.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

In dreams, one day in the forest wide,  
In the quiet hush of the eventide,  
A vision came to her troubled brain  
That wakened hope in her heart again.  
Therein was shown her a rocky wall  
Where wild, swift waters leap and fall,  
In foam-white wonder adown the dell  
Into the depths of a wide, deep well,  
And through the vision a voice rang clear—  
“Look for the smile of your lover here”!

So under her father's tender care  
The beautiful maiden—Raven-Hair,  
Eagerly followed the dreamy quest  
In search of the pool of happy rest;—  
Where the winding Housatonic pours  
Its crystal flood by the wooded shores,  
Drifting along as the river flows,  
In springtime fed by the Berkshire snows,  
They caught through the upland woods a gleam,—  
The picture framed in the maiden's dream,  
When a brook from the White Hills leaped and fell  
Into the cool, deep, visioned well!

So here they built in the woodland shade  
The wigwam home of the Indian maid.  
And here by the deep well's rocky rim  
She watched till the daylight faded dim  
Her own sweet face in the mirror true  
And longed for the vanished smile she knew.  
Days came and went and the brown leaves fell  
In whispers above the silent well,  
While cloud and sky and morning glow  
Lay in the fathomless pool below.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

One day from a hostile clan there sped  
The feet of a captive long deemed dead!  
And into his camp as from the grave  
Walked Ashen-Bow—the warrior-brave,  
And pausing not in his native wild  
He sought the sachem's wandering child,  
And rested he not for sleep, or fare,  
Till he found the lodge of Raven-Hair!

While sadly she watched by the cooling tide,  
Unknown he crept to the maiden's side,  
And over her shoulder leaned to trace  
In the waters clear her dusky face.  
When lo! the vision with all its charms  
Returned again, while her lover's arms  
Folded her fondly and pillowed in rest—  
Her troubled head on his faithful breast;  
And never-more did her brain run wild  
For true love haloed the sachem's child!

This is the story the settlers tell—  
The legend old of the Indian Well.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE COMET.

Far alone through the chartless seas he came,  
Where never a sail was unfurled,  
Till he shook the reefs from his folded flame  
For a cruise by many a world.

Through the measureless years his red lights shone  
On the nebulous whirlpool spray;  
On the trackless surf of the stars far blown  
And the foam of the Milkyway.

And the drifting world caught his flaming light  
And his banner above unrolled,  
As he plowed his way with a tireless might  
Round the cape of the sun's red gold.

How grandly he swept!—how his headlights burned  
At the sunward dip of his spars!  
With the joy of the outward bound he turned,—  
Flagship of the fleet of the stars!

Speed ever and on, O craft of the skies!  
Afar through the infinite spheres,  
Past the utmost seas where the world-waves rise,  
On thy cruise of the lonely years!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE FEAST OF HARVEST.

When drowsy hush of Autumn time  
The hazy crystal fills,  
And smoky sunshine hangs above  
The umber of the hills,

When all the land has rest at last—  
From weary care surcease,  
And sounds that mar in quiet sleep  
Beneath a brooding peace,

When woodlands wear in solemn state  
Their robes of royal dyes,  
And pour through all the amber air  
The wine of sacrifice,

Then, clad in priestly garb of gold  
With airy frill of frost  
The glad earth keeps her harvest feast—  
Her thankful pentecost.



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE MAGIC TOUCH.

A tired brown princess laid down to her dreams  
In garments faded and old,  
And the elves came down on the still star beams,  
And covered her safe from the cold.

From whitest of wool they wove her a spread,  
For the couch of a princess meet,  
And folded it softly about her head  
And down to her royal feet.

All sweetly she lay in her dreamful mood,  
Nor knew of the storm's increase,—  
Of the rude, wild song of the leafless wood,  
But held to her dream of peace.

And long was the night till the south-wind blew,  
When her quick pulse beat again  
To the vital touch of a charm all new—  
The song of the April rain.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### ON THE TRAIL.

Each morning lights anew the onward way,  
And shade and gleam an added glory lend;  
O'er rugged paths the weary feet may stray,  
But evening brings to toil and care an end.

Each twilight marks again the welcome bound—  
The nightly tent beside the winding trail,  
When campfires glow and wayside cheer is found  
And mellow voices weave the song and tale.

O welcome rest for weary, wayward feet,  
While tired eyes to restful slumber close;  
All undisturbed the wooded calm so sweet,  
The quiet stars above the still repose—

Such healing sleep as crowns the weary day  
With happy dreams that bid all care begone—  
The sleep that steals our weariness away  
Till swing again the golden gates of dawn.

Day after day through valleys green and old,  
Or o'er the hills and purple ranges grand,  
Watched o'er by peaks with winter capped and stoled  
We keep the trail across the mountain land.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### A GRAVE IN FLORENCE.

Roses white and roses red  
By her grave-side growing,  
Roses pale as dreamer dead,  
Red as rich blood flowing.

Overhead the branches swing,  
Callow voices calling,  
Busy mother-birds awing,  
Golden sunshine falling.

Ever while the days go by,  
Softly, without number,  
Bends the tender Tuscan sky  
O'er her quiet slumber.

From the hill-tops dark with pines  
Come the soft airs blowing,  
Whispers from the Apennines  
Over Arno flowing;

Where along the storied stream  
Youthful Dante wandered,  
Ere his ghostly, three-fold dream,  
He in exile pondered.

Here our English singer came  
With her songful story,  
Wrought and won a lasting fame,  
Crowned with love and glory.

Here she drooped amid the throng,—  
White Rose of endeavor—  
But the Red Rose of her song,  
It shall live forever.

# THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

## APRIL DAYS.

TO G. H. L.

APR. 1844—APR. 1914.

We hail your natal-day once more  
With love and cheer, O brother,—  
We come to count your birthdays o'er  
While April brings another!

How many Aprils you have known  
When Nature wakes from slumber!  
How many April-days have flown!  
Ah:—who shall tell their number?

One backward look—we see them pass!  
The Aprils flitting over  
The childhood fields of dewy grass,  
The boyhood fields of clover.

And on the still procession strays;  
The April bloom adorning  
The foot-paths where the youthful gaze  
Is fixed on manhood's morning!

It dawns and passes like the rest,  
Whatever winds are blowing,  
And still we journey toward the west,  
And still the days are going.

What if the years become a load  
So heavy that we wonder,  
While Atlas-like we keep the road,  
And bend the burden under;

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

They cannot make the heart grow old—  
The heart all folly scorning,  
If we but keep the stainless gold—  
The happy dreams of morning.

And in the fadeless land afar  
Where life and love fail never,  
Beyond the light of sun and star  
The ageless life forever!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### DANDELIONS.

So fair they seem amid the grasses lying,  
In minted wealth the Incas never told,  
Such lavish grace with other beauty vying,  
They weave the meadow's ample cloth of gold.

Fair globes of gray they build in airy splendor  
Along the way where summer's light feet pass,  
Their teeming wealth of winged seeds they render  
To earth again for gold amid the grass.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### BY THEIR FRUITS.

Never man spake like the Master—

The heart of the world He knew,  
He taught from the book of nature

Rare lessons of wisdom true;  
He told of the tiny sparrow

And the ear that hears its call,  
How the love that arches heaven  
Heeds also the sparrow's fall.

He spoke of the tall field lilies

Rebuking the greed and sin,  
Arrayed in their garments golden,  
Though they neither toil nor spin;

The waving grass of the meadows,  
The rustling blades of the corn,  
Of the clouds and tints and shadows  
They eagerly watched at morn:

The beauty of growth and growing,

Of the bud and blade and tree,  
How one shall reap as he soweth,  
Whatever the sowing be;—

How the sure law faileth never,  
For the corn, or wheat, or tares,—  
The vine is known by its clusters,  
The tree by the fruit it bears.

And ever the seed and the sowing

Must favor the sun and soil,  
If the harvest-field in autumn

Be worthy the reaper's toil,—  
Rare grapes from the thorn spring never,  
Neither figs from thistles grow;  
The grain that billows in beauty  
Comes from the seed that we sow.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

So in the fields of our living,  
By garden and wayside path,  
We may not gather the roses,  
From sowings of hate and wrath;  
And at the end of the harvest,  
When all the fruits are grown,  
The stores will show in the garner  
What manner of seed was sown.



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### BURNS' BIRTHDAY.

Again above the eastern hills,  
In wondrous beauty born,  
The rosy dawn all heaven fills—  
The poet's natal morn.

His birthday; yet though years may trail  
Their garments manifold,  
Of summer bloom and winter wail,  
They cannot make him old.

To-day his voice still lifts and cheers—  
Inspires with courage strong,  
And all the weary waste of years  
Is fairer for his song.

The harp that with all nature sings  
Of love and truth sublime,  
With rare, immortal sweetness rings  
Across the years of time.

And not alone by Bonnie Doon,  
Or rippling waves of Ayr,  
Or where sweet Afton's waters croon—  
His fame is every-where.

For all the songs that met his ear,  
From breeze and bird and rill,  
He filled with love and sang so clear  
The world is listening still.

And since each heart some love must hold,  
All lands beneath the sky,  
Will keep his fame from growing old—  
And Burns will never die!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### UNTO CAESAR.

For all that enriches our being  
From cloud to lowliest clod,  
O brother, give praise and thanksgiving  
For the open hand of God ;  
For the earth is His and its fullness  
Who calleth the stars by name,  
Who banded the strength of Orion  
And tinted the Pleiad's flame.

The seed-time and harvest fail never,  
The rain and the sunbeams fall,  
Above is the smile of His bounty  
Who heareth the hungry call ;  
Over measureless plains of beauty—  
The prairies and valleys old,  
The bountiful Giver of harvest  
Girdles the world with its gold.

For the bounty of earth unfailing,  
The plenty of every zone,  
Let the lips of praise and thanksgiving  
Give thanks unto God alone :  
Unto Him who feedeth the sparrow  
And stilleth the raven's cry,  
And who heedeth the note that faileth  
In the song-birds passing by.

The earth is His temple and altar,  
Arched by the blue of the skies,  
Let the follies of man keep silence  
While incense and praise arise :  
O brother, be just in full measure,  
And give for the harvest grown,  
Unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,  
But unto our God His own.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### AN APPRECIATION.

Love, honor, truth, his woven crown alway,—  
The laurelled singer of our land to-day;  
Call him not old; nay, slander not, vain tongue,  
The heart of song can keep the oldest young:  
His worth and work, his place and honored name,  
All men may know if they but ask of Fame.

The friend of Taylor, Stoddard, Boker, Read,  
Stedman and Aldrich—singers true indeed,—  
The mantle-wearers of the older choir  
Whose hearts were touched with the immortal fire:—  
With them he wears the poet's fadeless crown  
Of song and story in our land's renown.

They pass and go,—and yet their music thrills  
The happy slumber of the autumn hills;  
On sunward slopes he listens and remains  
To hear the echoes of their glad refrains;—  
Sweet peace be his—the years be full and long,  
Ere he shall sing for earth his final song.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### MEMORIAL POEM.

Read at the Memorial Service in honor of the late Rev.  
Dr. Joseph E. King, New York, September 28, 1913.

Our Friend whom late we greeted here  
Hath left our twilight star,  
And passed unto a broader sphere  
Beyond the Harbor Bar.

So still his passing, it might seem  
A beacon-light withdrawn,  
Or but the fading of a dream  
Amid the hush of dawn.—

'Twas in the Autumn, brown and bare,—  
A dull November morn,  
And snowflakes drifted down the air  
The day that he was born:—

'Twas in the June-time of the year  
He laid his armor down,—  
Amid the summer bloom and cheer  
He passed unto his crown.

Between that first November day  
And June's imperial sun,  
What triumphs marked his pilgrim way  
What victories were won?

'Tis fitting while September weaves  
With shuttles to and fro,  
The beauty of her sibyl leaves,  
Her goldenrods aglow,

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

That we should meet for love of him  
Who loved his fellow men,—  
Whose crown of life no age may dim—  
His four-score years and ten;—

A ripened life, its close serene;  
The good he wrought for aye  
Will keep his memory ever green,  
While summers pass away;—

A leader born to lift and bless  
In learning's royal van,  
A messenger of righteousness  
And sweet good-will to man;—

No groveller in the mines of earth,  
He sought the pearls of truth,  
The assets of his golden worth  
The cultured minds of youth.

A Nestor wise in wisdom's ways,  
With purpose half divine,  
To make dumb lips break into praise—  
Awake—arise and shine!

Our Friend hath filled his measured years  
With service to the brim,  
And where he bides in other spheres,  
His works do follow him.

How grandly down the vista wide  
His builded arch appears,  
Full rounded in the moving tide  
Of ninety golden years!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

O loyal hearts with memories rife  
Of dreams so far away,  
How well the record of his life  
Inspires our hearts to-day!—

With faith and hope and trust and love  
Made quick with spirit leaven,  
His ladder leaned on things above,  
'Twas not so far to Heaven!—

And on some morning near, or far,  
Our barques will slacken sail  
And we shall drift across the bar  
In splendor of the Morning Star  
And bid our brother—Hail!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### SOMETIME.

Dear Heart, whom I miss to-day,  
In the Heaven where you stay  
Are you very far away?

Do you ever linger near  
This from that diviner sphere—  
Bend to listen—ear to ear?

Oft I wonder if you know  
What is passing here below  
While the slow years come and go:

When our footpaths here divide  
Are they far apart, and wide,  
Or still running side by side?

Is the distance great between  
This and that which is unseen,  
Where the shadows never lean?

If from out that fairer land  
You could reach to me your hand,  
I should know and understand.

Little matter—far, or near,  
Since no echo greets my ear,  
And no footfall I can hear.

Sometime, when my vision clears,  
Just beyond the cloudy years,  
And the blinding mist of tears,

In that other land serene,  
Where no vapors intervene,  
We shall see as we are seen:

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

When the weary years are flown,  
In the Light of Light alone,  
We shall know as we are known:—

This the faith I cherish here,  
This the thought that lends me cheer  
Through each long and lonely year;

Sometime, 'neath that bluer sky,  
We shall know while ages fly,  
Love immortal—you and I!



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### QUATRAINS.

In sleepless mood my vigil lone I kept beneath the stars,  
While burned the tangled Pleiades above the crest of Mars,  
And brave Orion faced the dawn with vengeance smitten  
    eyes,  
And lo! the moon in black eclipse groped blindly down the  
    skies.

\* \* \* \*

A blue-bird twittered to the tardy spring—  
    A timid note, but very soft and sweet,  
And 'neath the shimmer of her sky-stained wing  
    The first pale snowdrop blossomed at my feet.

\* \* \* \*

In banded silence swing the soundless spheres;  
    In foaming galaxies what stillness furled;  
On padded feet go by the centuried years;  
    And silent Dawn rebukes the noisy world.

\* \* \* \*

The blush that follows the quickened breath,  
    The pallor that fear discloses,  
The crimson of life, the paleness of death,  
    This is the war of the roses.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### AT CEDARCROFT.

September leans above the meadow rills  
And plain and valley wear the Autumn haze  
That blends in beauty with the opal days  
Whose airy charm the witching azure fills;  
With song to-day the heart of Nature thrills;  
The runnels' rune adown its winding ways  
Blends with the music of the mellow lays  
Our Poet sang upon the Kennett hills.

O'er Autumn woods the soft cloud-shadows play,  
As when he wrought with eager heart and will,  
And won through song a grand and noble name:—  
The land he loved remembers him to-day,  
And through these shades his voice is ringing still,  
While loyal hearts forever keep his fame.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

TO G. H.

How swift the busy years go by,  
O faithful friend and true,  
Above the stormy drift they fly,  
Or heaven's unclouded blue.

No trace they leave on sea or air,  
On plain or mountain-land,  
To earth they add no wrinkled care—  
No footprint on the sand.

Our mortal frames alone may know  
By sundered love and tears,  
The tangled lines of joy and woe—  
The furrows of the years.

But not the fleeting dream of life,  
Though four-score years be told,  
With care and toil and sorrow rife,  
Can make the heart grow old.

So while our fleet years come and go  
With greetings true and fond  
They only hint of Morning-glow—  
Of life and love beyond.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### OLD WARREN.

Written for the Centennial Celebration of Warren County, N. Y., August, 1913.

To the goodly land where William Penn  
Planted a State for the rearing of men,  
Through stress and heat of a summer day  
A message came from the far away,  
And these are the hurried words of fear  
That came in haste to my startled ear:  
"Old Warren is seized—a sudden start—  
Something Centennial—touching the heart!  
Come home, come home, on the beaten trail  
And give him a hearty cheer and hail!"

So hasting, I bring from history's shrine,  
From Valley Forge and the Brandywine,  
A greeting and cheer—you'll understand,  
A truant strayed from the old home-land!

A cheer for Old Warren! we're glad to hear  
His case is hopeful—beyond a fear,  
So sturdy is he, and strong of will,  
Named for the hero of Bunker Hill,  
Not wrinkled and old as age appears,  
But strong in the youth of his hundred years!

A cheer for Old Warren, hearty and hale—  
A cheer for his sons from mountain and vale:—  
Chester and Horicon, side by side,  
With rivers that seek the ocean's tide;  
Bolton and Hague, hand clasping hand  
By the fairy lake in mountain-land;  
Johnsburg, camping along the west,

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Cool in the shade of Crane Mountain's crest;  
Warrensburg bounded by mountain and stream;  
Stony Creek lapped in a woodland dream;  
Thurman—named for a settler true  
Born and reared when the land was new;  
Caldwell—the keeper of Law's emprise—  
Home of the Lady with banded eyes;  
Queensbury, boasting a city fair;  
And Luzerne fresh as the mountain air:—  
This is his family as it appears  
Born in the strength of his hundred years!

His children's children are gathered here  
To give Old Warren a hearty cheer:  
They come from near, and they come from far,  
Wherever the hue of Fortune's star  
Has led their wandering steps to roam  
From the hearth-fire glow of boyhood's home:  
They have heard the call—the old light gleams  
On the winding way—on the old sweet dreams,  
And so wherever the feet may stray  
They tread the old home-paths to-day.

However afar our feet may roam  
We hearken back to the songs of home;—  
Home where the feet of our childhood ran  
Home where the dreams of youth began,  
Home to Old Warren's valleys and hills,  
Home to his rivers and lakes and rills,  
Home to the Hudson's ceaseless rune  
With the woodland songs and the birds in tune—  
A measure learned in the forest lone  
At the foot of old Mt. Marcy's throne,  
Home to babble of stream and fall  
And the old-time echoes that call and call!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And this is Old Warren's sacred soil:—  
Home of the royal guild of toil:—  
And out of the past the echo rolls  
Of those far times that tried men's souls,  
When the land was wet with crimson dew  
As the hosts of battle wandered through,  
When Bourgoyne came to dare and do,  
But met down the river his Waterloo.

This is the land whose beauty we know  
All in the grace of the Summer glow;  
Whose warders are peaks of purple hue,  
Forever changing, forever new,  
Watching the wave-dimpled Lake's soft gleam—  
Apparelled in beauty—a fairy dream.

This is Our Warren:—a century young!  
What of his fame when his lisping tongue  
Shall come to full speech, unfettered and free,  
In the morn of his manhood yet to be?  
What glory be his 'neath the circling sun  
That numbers the centuries one by one?  
Tell us, O sages:—tell us, O seers,  
His glory undreamed in a thousand years!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

KEATS.

A Minstrel sang the King of men;—  
A poet's soul was stirred;—  
A new world swam within his ken,  
Revealed by thought and word.

And when on wings of song unfurled  
He rose to heights sublime,  
New melodies awoke the world  
To charm the latest time:

Now love and fame their vigil keep  
While seasons come and go,  
And still he hears the planets sweep  
And feels the daisies grow.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### ST. ANDREWS BY THE SEA.

The silent years how swiftly sped—  
A passing dream they seem to be,  
Since earth and air were all divine  
In old St. Andrews by the sea.

With gleams of sun and wreaths of shade,  
With love and care allied of old  
And joys that gladden hearth and home  
The half of fifty years are told!

To-day what thronging memories rise—  
This day of days henceforth to be;—  
Beyond the bloom of bridal wreath  
Lies fair St. Andrews by the sea?

And while the soldier wears the blue,  
And bride and groom in waiting stand  
You see the far horizon bend  
Above St. Andrews' rim of sand:

O joy of Earth from Eden-land:  
How barren all the world would be  
If love held not in memory dear  
Some old St. Andrews by the sea!

O Love that sat at Cana's feast  
And poured His bounty manifold,  
Thy blessing on these true hearts twain  
And make the new-love like the old.

O friends, who walk the winding path,  
His presence guard the household throng,  
And love and faith and duty cheer  
And gladden all the way with song.



## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And when the fleeting years are done—  
When care and pain and sorrow flee  
May that immortal land unfold  
Glimpsed in St. Andrews by the sea.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### IN PEMAQUID.

O Friend: the morning skies were fair,  
And breath of bloom was in the air,  
And birds went singing everywhere:—  
    The red-wing and the robin tame,  
    The oriole like a bit of flame,  
    That morn your welcome letter came  
        From Pemaquid.

I musing tread each garden row  
And watch the weeds and onions grow,  
But how I cannot say, or know;  
    For truth to tell, my thought still strays  
    To tide-washed coasts and land-locked bays  
    Wherein his nets the fisher lays  
        In Pemaquid.

Or if beneath my orchard trees  
I hear the hum of golden bees,  
It seems an echo of the seas  
    That you behold in twilights dim,  
    When angry storms with visage grim  
    Have sobbed into a low soft hymn  
        In Pemaquid.

If we might only look away  
Across the ocean old and gray  
At sunrise, or at shut of day,—  
    On sea-gulls sailing wild and free,  
    And breathe the salt air of the sea—  
    Two dreamers dreaming—you and me—  
        In Pemaquid.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

What would I give? Oh, much of gain,—  
A castle on the hills of Spain,  
A ship upon the stormy main!  
All this to clasp you by the hand,  
And roam with you along the strand,  
And watch the sea-lights from the land  
In Pemaquid.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### LAPLAND TOWN.

When the snow comes falling down  
Boyhood dreams of Lapland Town,  
Cloudy fancies, come and go  
Through the blinding swirls of snow;  
While from chambers of the air  
Drift the white flakes everywhere—  
Airy children of the mist,  
Caught by frosty elves and kissed—  
Lo! what dreams of winter cheer  
Throng the Lapland of the year.

When the snow has fallen down  
Then he builds a Lapland Town!  
Moat and fortress, tower and all,  
Quarried in the snowdrift's wall;  
White the alabaster floor,  
Winding hall and guarded door;  
Carven statues stern and grand  
At the crystal gateway stand;  
So beneath snow friezes curled  
Stands the castle under-world.

Deeds of valor and renown  
Oft are wrought in Lapland Town;  
Goth and vandal, horde and clan,  
Storm full many a grim Redan;  
Closer round the forces draw,  
Such as hold the world in awe!  
Storming bastions of the foe  
All with hand grenades of snow!  
Mighty strongholds battered down  
In the realm of Lapland Town!

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

When the snow the woodland fills,  
Light feet roam the Lapland hills;  
Sledges, snowshoes, deer and hound,  
Track the white world up and down;  
Coasting slope and crystal mere  
Ring with life and lusty cheer;  
Steel-winged feet of Mercury gleam  
Over captive lake and stream,  
While the tired world slumbers so  
Under white wool of the snow!

Full of bright auroral gleams  
Is the Lapland of his dreams;  
Lapland Town is never old,  
Spite of winter's fiercest cold;  
Lapland Town is always new,  
Luring on the long year through;  
Nor hath summer's languid kiss  
Any charm to equal this,  
Since the grandest sports appear  
In the Lapland of the year.

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

### THE WEDDING DAY.

O wedding day! O wedding day!  
The airs of Autumn seemed to say  
When o'er the hill September came  
With all her goldenrods aflame,  
To hail with music's mellow strain  
The wedding day—the Bridal train!

And while the Autumn Queen went by—  
The Beauty of the Earth and sky—  
With asters woven in her crown,  
And many hued her rustic gown,  
She bore in her brown, folded arms,  
A rural wealth of floral charms,—  
Queen Ann laces from the plain  
Wrought in looms of sun and rain,  
Tangled sedges from the stream  
Where Clematis and Cardinal dream,  
And only lingered by the way  
To muse upon the wedding day!

But when she passed the portaled fane  
And entered with the bridal-train  
And heard the sweet vows softly told  
Within the chancel dim and old—  
The plighted troth of Love and will  
That keeps the world in Eden still—  
She lifted her unshadowed eyes  
And looked beyond the cloudless skies,  
And in the sunset's golden glow  
She whispered tenderly and low,  
“God's blessing on the lovers twain,  
And honeymoons that never wane,  
And may the sweet years far away  
Be gladder for this wedding day!”

## THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

FINIS.

O Earth, our lives are but a day:  
About thy mother-feet we creep,  
Till tired at last of all our play  
We nestle in thy breast and sleep.

















UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



**AA**

000 139 585 4

